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U. S. of M. Binder, 1955, 255

INDEX OF CONTENTS TO THE VOLUME FOR 1851.

Kader, by Viscount Maidstone, 705
Kader's Dealings with the Inquisition, 739
Advertiser's Guide to, by an Advertiser, 1252
Condition of the Labourer, 901
History of the War, by J. W. Kaye, 128, 130
Central: Dr. Barth and Dr. Overweg, Letters from Mr. Petermann, 327, 405, 833, 1072, 1205; 687; 884; Letter from Mr. D'Abadie, 1022, 1175; Letters from Dr. Barth, 1048, 1205; 1257
Africa, Central, Wesleyan Missions, by Fox, 517
Redeemed, Liberia, 517
Six Lectures on Astronomy, 222
Almanac on Preservation of English Antiquities, 350
Almanac, Journals of a Landscape Painter, by E. Lear, 471, 499
Almanac on Cultivation of Waste Lands, 135
Almanac Lunatic's Friend Society, 350
Almanac's Poems, 78
Almanac, the Book of, by A. De Morgan, 828
**Almanac, &c. for 1851: Dod's Peerage—Bailey's Who's Who?—Whitaker's Clergyman's Directory—Colonial Life Assurance Company's—The Art Union of London, 1848—Punch's Pocket-Book, 1166; British, 1274; The Arts—Pawsey's—Fulcher's—Family—Dietrichsen & Son's—Gleny's Garden—Farmer's—Reformer's—Lithy's—Manchester Examiner and Times—Raphael's and Zuckli's—Illustrated London—Clarke's Crystal Palace—Illustrated Exhibitor's—Bookseller's, 1851; Literary and Scientific—New's—Meteorological—Punch's—Educational—Perfumed—Bolton, 1374
Alphs, The, 162
Physical Geography of, by Schlagentweit, 187
Almanac's Sicilian Vespers, by Lord Ellesmere, 14
Amidion, by Mrs. Courtenay Newton, 129
Amidion's Landreth, 295
Amidion's Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of, by Newlight, 132
Amidion's North. Notes on, by J. F. Johnston, 705
Amidion's U.S., History of, by Hildreth, Vols. IV. and V., 1101
American Archeological Researches, No. I., The Serpent Symbol by Squier, 800
American Tales and Belles Lettres, new editions, 804
Amidion's Introductory Lecture on Laws of England, 201
Gems of Latin Poetry, 802
American Art and its Remains, by Müller and Weicker, trans. by Leitch, 12
American Britons, The, 849
Amidion's Pictures of Sweden, 574
Amidion's (Dr.) Course of Creation, 901
Amidion's (J.) Reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, 1227
Amidion's Copious Latin-English Lexicon, 919
Amidion's Deux Mondes, 997
Amidion's, &c. for 1852: Book of Home Beauty—Home-Book of the Picturesque, 1223; Keepsake, 1251; The Iris, 1340
Amidion's, The, by Walpole, 1194
Amidion's Lecture on Roman Civil Law, 853
Amidion's, the Deaf and Dumb Boy, 1370
Amidion's Kafir Language, 160
Amidion's, Metamorphoses, tr. by Sir G. Head, 242
Amidion's Moors of Spain, History of, by Viardot, 377
Amidion's Narrative Poems, tr. by Kertbeny, 1038
Amidion's: Archeological Institute, 773—Meeting at Bristol, 829, 853; British Archeological Association, Meeting at Derby, 906; Cambrian Association, 109 [see also 120]; Collection One of Sussex, Vol. IV., 293; Norfolk and Norwich Society, 1023; Societies of Northampton, &c., 125; Society of Kilkenny, Transactions, 46; Archeology discussed, by Wilson, 326; Yorkshire "Antiquarian Club," First Report, 23; A Hants Archeological Society, Letter from Hantsiensis, 509; American Researches, No. I., 800
Architecture, Domestic, in England, by J. H. Turner, 721, 690
Architecture of Middle Ages, by Mertens, 948
Arctic Discovery: Voyage of the Prince Albert in Search of Sir J. Franklin, by Snow—Eskimaux and English Vocabulary, 41; News from Capt. McClure and Collinson, 111; Letter from Capt. McClure, 216; Gossip, 292; Branch Expedition in Search of Sir J. Franklin, 1851, 430; Expedition of Commander Pullen, 502; Expedition from Aberdeen, 534; Weld's Lectures, 629, 1205; Prince of Wales Whaler, 650; Rumour, 832; News of Sir J. Franklin, Mr. Kane's Letter, 976; Summary of Proceedings, Capt. Penny and Capt. Austin, 990, 1028, 1046; Capt. Austin's Report, 1069; News of the Advance, 1093; Mr. Kane's Communication to Mr. Grinnell—Letter from Mr. Ishbister, 1118; Letters from the Prince Albert, &c., 1150; Mr. Rae's Despatches, 1303; Least Plan of an Expedition, 1208, 1231, 1282-3; Arctic Searching Expedition, Journal of, by Sir J. Richardson, 1246; Capt. Benson's Plan, 1255; 1262, 1263; Admiralty Report, 1315, 1343; Capt. Martin's Statement—Death of Lieut. Barard, 1375
Arithmetic, Rules and Reasons, by Bowdman, 19
Associative Principles and Agriculture, by Kingsley, 1240
Astronomy Antiquities: Letter from Col. Rawlinson, 302; from J. G., 951; from Dr. Edward Hincks, 977; from J. W. Bosanquet, 977, 1000, 1119; 1072
Astronomy, Six Lectures, by Airy, 222
Astronomy and Martineau on Man's Nature and Development, 244**

Atlantic Steam Navigation and Dr. Lardner, Letter from Mr. Bourne, 1254
Atomic Theory, by Daubeny, 25
Australasia and Prison Discipline, by Melville, 430
Australian Mail Route, 1094, 1255
Babbage on the Exposition of 1851, 623
Bacon's Essays, by Spiers, 1015
Bailey's Theory of Reasoning, 946
Baillie's (Joanna) Dramatic and Poetical Works, 41
Baillie's (N. B. E.) Moommudan Law of Sale, 804
Baines (E.), The Life of, by his Son, 576
Balfour's Happy Evenings, 81
Bamford's Dialect of South Lancashire, 1311
Bandinel's Lufra, 1372
Banks's Staves for the Human Ladder, 375
Barber-Poet of France, 136
Barber's Du Bourg, 1344
Barry Cornwall's English Songs, new edit., 1137
Bartlett's Footsteps of our Lord, 1250
Baths and Washhouses, by Ashpitel and Whichard, 1173
Battel Abbey, Chronicle of, by Lower, 579
Battles, Fifteen Decisive, by E. S. Creasy, 821
Bailey's Floral Poems, 1369
Beaton's Political Index Modernised, by Haydn, 1273
Beck, Von, The Baroness, 951, 978, 1001; M. Derra de Moroda's Refutation, 1061; 1147, 1206, 1232, 1281
Beddoe's Poems, 989
Beldam's Recollections of Italy and the East, 733
Belfast's (Earl of) Two Generations, 166
Bell's Address to Glasgow Juridical Society, 136
Bellah, from the French, 17
Bennett's (W. C.) Poems, 78
Bentinck, Lord George, by Dismiel, 1367
Bentley's Wealth, 873
Ber's New London Street Directory, 136
Béranger, trans. by Young, 1279
Bible: a Layman's Meditations, 136—Kitto's Daily—Illustrations, &c., 136, 1375; Greek Septuagint Version—New Testament, "Received Text," 901
Birthright, The, by E. Carlen, 623
Bishop's Wife, by Stodart, from Schefer, 129
Bodenstedt's Morning-Land, tr. by Waddington, 898
Bole Ponjies, by H. M. Parker, 1144
Bon Gaultier's Ballads, new edit., 1345
Book-publishing Trade Mysteries, 432, 481
Borrow's Lavengro, 159, 188
Bothwell, by Grant, 1370
Brett's Indian Missions in Guiana, 1203
Bridal and the Bride, The, 42
Bridge's Mirror of History, 739
Bristow's Poetical Works, 107
British Officer, by Stocqueler, 426
Brodie's Pitcairn's Island in 1850, 703
Brown's Classical Examination Papers of King's College, 110; Latin Grammar for Ladies, 902; History of Classical Literature, Vols. I and II., 1065
Browning's (Mrs.) Casa Guidi Windows, 597
Bruce's Roman Wall, 241
Building Societies, by Scratchley, 473
Bilau's Secret Histories and Enigmatical Men, 427
Burbury's (Mrs.) Florence Sackville, 1142
Buried City of the East, 580
Burnett's Philosophy of Spirits, 131
Burns's Life and Works, by R. Chambers, Vol. I., 128; Vol. II., 970
Burton's (Lieut. R. F.) Goa and Blue Mountains, 423; Scinde and Sindh, 1111
Bushnan's Miss Martineau and her Master, 1374
Cesar, Life of, by Damascenus, ed. by Piccolos, 897
Cesar's Place of Landing in Britain, Letter from A. B. G., 351 [see also 367, 437]
Caleb Field, 520
California, Excursion to, by Kelly, 449; New Route to, 481
Cambrian Archeological Association, 1851, 109 [see also 139]
Camden Society: Walter Mapes, Poems of, by T. Wright, 107; Anniversary Meeting, 502; Pilgrimage of Sir Richard Gyfford to the Holy Land, ed. by Sir J. Ellis, 547; Monies received for Secret Services, Charles II. and James II., ed. by J. Y. Akerman, 674
Campbell's Three Trials of Loye, 923
Capitals, European, Sketches of, by Ware, 1067
Carlen's Birthright, 623
Carlisle's (Lord) Lectures on Poetry of Pope, &c., 190
Carlisle's Life of Sterling, 1088
Carpenter's (Dr.) Principles of Physiology, 1115
Carpenter's (Miss) Refractory Schools, 972
Casa Guidi Windows, by Mrs. Browning, 597
Castle Deloraine, by M. P. Smith, 736
Castlereagh's (Lord) Letters and Despatches, edit. by Lord Londonderry, 264, 288
Catholic Philosophy, Elements of, 901
Catlow's Drops of Water, 425
Caunter's (Rev. J. H.) Rahab, 708
Cavendish (Hon. Henry), Life of, by Dr. Wilson, 1305
Cayley's Dante's Divine Comedy, 941

Census, The, 660
Census, The Irish, 740
Chalmers (Dr.), Life of, by Dr. Hanna, Vol. III., 994; Anderson's Reminiscences, 1227
Chambers's (R.) Life and Works of Burns, Vol. I., 128; Vol. II., 970
Chamerovzow's Borneo Facts, 380
Chantrey's (Sir F.) Memorials, by J. Holland, 1039
Charles II., Personal History of, by Lyon, 343
Chatelet (De), Rambles through Rome, 1015
Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, ed. by Wright, 294
Cheever's Island World of the Pacific—Life in the Sandwich Islands, 1137
Chemical Analysis, Normandy's Commercial Handbook, 20
Chemical Directory, 1312
Chemistry, by Dr. Wilson, 25; First Step in, by Galway, 771
Chess and Chess-players, by Walker, 404
Chetham Society: Richard Robinson's Golden Mirror, ed. by Corser, 822; Chetham Miscellanies, Vol. I., 847; Cardinal Allen's Defence of Sir W. Stanley's Surrender of Deventer, ed. by T. Heywood, 1340
Chinese Seals in Ireland, by Getty, 50; Language, 246; Vases, by Thoms, 707
Christmas's Shores and Islands of Mediterranean, 680
Chronological New Testament, 269
Chubb on Locks and Keys, 136
Churton's (H. B. W.) Land of the Morning, 1145
Churton's (E.) Railroad Book of England, 1043
City Men and City Manners, 1344
Clara Harrington, 1306
Clare Abbey, 678
Classical Antiquities, Museum of, Nos. I. and II., 627
Classical Examination Papers, &c., with Notes by Arnold, 370
Classical Examination Papers of King's College, by Browne, 110
Classical Literature, History of, by Browne, Vols. I. and II., 1065
Cleveland's Compendium of English Literature, 245
Coleridge's (Hartley) Poems and Memoir, 287; Essays and Marginalia, 497
Collins's Rambles beyond Railways, 185
Colombine's County Courts Extension Act, 136
Colton (Archbishop), Acts of, ed. by Reeves, 19
Colton's Deck and Port, 1140
Comedy, MS., by Anthony Munday, Letter from Mr. Collier, 771
Commercial Law, by Leone Levi, 404, 1228
Commercial Statistics, by Macgregor, Vol. V., 8
"Common Sense" on Domestic Habits, 1344
Companions of my Solitude, 578
Compulsory Marriage, The, 871
Confessor, The, 401
Conscience, a Tale of Life, 215
Convent and Harem, by Madame Pisani, 1339
Copleston (Bishop), Memoirs, by W. J. Copleston, 682
Copyright Question: Austrian Measures—Piracy of Inventions, 84; Meeting of Publishers, 606; Spanish Treaty, 1235; Frankfurt Decision, 271; Movements in America, 299; Musical Copyright, 362, 397; Meeting in Hanover Square Rooms, 791, 1117; M. de Lamartine's Art and Science, 880, 934; England and France, 1000, 1022; Question of Unreciprocated Foreign Copyright, 1117; International with America, Letter from S. L. Junior, 1174; Convention, 1229
Corne's (Miss) History of Greece, 350
Corpe's Introduction to Modern Greek, 270
Cosmos of Von Humboldt, Vol. III., Part I., trans. by Sabine, 491
Cottrell on Agricultural Distress, 771
Cotton in India, Culture and Commerce, by Dr. Royle, 798
Cotton Manufacture of Dacca, 1139
Course of Creation, by Anderson, 991
Craik's Outlines of History of English Language, 1253
Crampe's Junius and his Works, Fac-simile Autograph Letters, 323 [see also 348]
Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, 821
Crime: Criminals, Treatment of, by Kingsmill—Crime and its Causes, 18; Australasia and Prison Discipline, by Melville, 334; Criminal Statistics of 1850, 1068; a terrible Crime, Conference at Birmingham, 1292
Crumpe's (Miss) Death Flag, 2370
Cumyngshame's Western Republic, 575
Curjig's (Mrs.) Peloponnesus, 1373
Dacca, Cotton Manufacture in, Descriptive Account of, 1139
Dahomey and the Dahomans, by F. E. Forbes, 239
Dampier's Memoir of J. Carter, 853
Dante's Divine Comedy, tr. by Cayley, 941
Daubeny's Atomic Theory, 25
Daughter Deborah, 1277
Davis's White Chief's Urn, 375
Day's (Julia) Old Engagement, 1252
Death Flag, by Miss Crumpe, 1370
Debarry's Note on the South of Spain and Algiers, 739
De Castro's Spanish Protestants, 452
Deck and Port, by Rev. W. Colton, 1140

Golden Legend, by Longfellow, 1303 [see also 1352]
Golden Mirror, by Robinson, ed. by Corser, 822
Good's Theorists Confuted, 852
Gordon's (Mrs.) Musgrave, 1045
Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica, 1172
GOSSIP AND MISCELLANEA: [The most important Paragraphs only, not entered under separate heads, are specified.]
Anglo-Antiquarian Club's First Report, 23. Autograph Sales, 23, 54, 55, 805, 808, 857, 878, 954, 1255, 1315. Manchester Athenaeum, 24. Book Post: Letter from Mr. Lake, 27, 53, 138, 271. Pensions: Mrs. Belzoni, Mr. Poole, 53. Mrs. Sturgeon, 112. Mrs. Begg, 138. Mrs. Jameson, 773. Mr. Buckingham, 808, 850. Col. Torrens, 880. Prof. Wilson, 1023. American Census, 83, 215. Novel Application of the Predicate: Letter from Mr. Baynes, 146. from J. B. 173. Mr. Thomson, 227. Sir W. Hamilton, 1023, 253. J. B. W. Warlow, 277. Peel Monuments, 168, 411, 506, 534. Sterne's Descendants—Water to the Metropolis—Jerusalem Literary Society, 169. Stowe MSS., 192. Protection Laws: Birth, Death, and Marriages, 193. Graptolites in the South of Scotland: Letter from R. D. Thomson, 236. New Census, 248, 382—Returns, 1027. Prison Libraries, 248. Improvements in London, 217, 249, 807, 1349, 1377. Speed of Light: Letter from J. B. 233. First Folio Edition of Shakespeare—Paper and Book Post—Thames—Bannanap Tower—Deception, 277. Watch by Beaumarchais: Curious Copy of Dante, 299. Sir Francis Bryan: Letter from R. Lemon, 307—Letter from J. P. Collier, 333. Cobra Capella and Mongoose: Letter from W. D. M., 307. Post-office Regulations—Royal Society, 328. Comédie-Ballet: Molière, 329. Latin Orthography—Codex Seed: Letter from R. H. S., 333. Scott Copyrights, 339, 353, 509, 502. Guild of Librarians and Art: Sir E. L. Bulwer's Comedies, 353, 408, 626. Booksellers' Provident Institution—Asylum for Idiots, 354. Work by Origen, 354, 383. Winds and Calms: Letter from L. W. Lambie, 363. Hospital Gardens, 388. Chamber of Commerce, 454. Dalton Statue, 455. Oriental Translation Fund, 480. New Islands, 461. Park at Greenock, 502. A Hants Archaeological Society: Letter from Hantonians, 503. Baptists, 113, 203, 528, 594, 613, 623. British Beneficent Institution—Mr. Gould's Humming Birds, 554. Crypt in the Guildhall, 563. Literary Criticism: Letter from H. M., 564. New Planet, 583. Kew Gardens, 584. Fire in Coal Mine, 607. Lieut. Wyburd, 633. Postage Reforms, 634. Papers to India, 860. Printers' Athenaeum, 634. Lord John Russell's Measure—Bannanap Tower—Deception of Industrial Classes, 682. New Buildings for the Poor—Relic of the Duke of Monmouth, 687. Our Historical Literature, 721. London to Suzer, 732. Institute of Actuaries, 741. Board of Health, 742. John O'Kent, 771 [see also letter from P. C. 1008]. Ray Society, 773. Ordnance Survey of Scotland, 773, 860. Brocken Spectre in Scotland, 773. Arrivals from Nineveh, 787. Mr. R. Owen, 808 [see also 904]. Pence Congress—Newspaper Stamps—Society of Arts, 832. Cambrian Archaeological Association, 856. Steam to Australia, 857. Banking Institute—Public Documents, 889, 909. Ecclesiastical History Society, 906. Museum at Liverpool—Honours to Mr. Montgomerie, 907. Gupta Percha, New Application, 910. Lichfield Cathedral, 930. Park Movement—Gas as a motive Power—Steam to India, 954. The Ornithologists, 958. Entomology, 958. Steam from Ireland to London, 958. America, 990. Approaches to Windsor Castle, 992. Fees for Consulting Public Records—Earl of Derby's Collections, 1002. New Park for Finsbury, 1006. Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society—Mr. Fortune—Law of Storms (Col. Reid), 1023. Unequal Refraction: Letter from Q., 1027. Wakefield Mechanics' Institution, 1049, 1095. Small Proprietors' Society in Ireland—Spade Husbary, 1050. Electrical Clocks—Sir Miles Hobart, 1073. Bedford Level, 1096. Chelsea Improvement Commission—Manchester Athenaeum, 1151. Idiot Hospital, Chelmsford, 1175. Museum of Practical Geology—Marriages, Wages, 1176. Hyesine: Letter from M. Holiart—Museum of Economic Botany, 1180. Sanitary Measures, 1207. Omnibus Question, 1233. Remarkable Fall of Snow: Letter from Mr. Birt, 1236 [see also 1288]. College of Surgeons' Museum, 1236. Cottage Reform, 1235. Canton Testimonial, 1256. Henslow on Provincial Muscivores, 1282. Ocean Penny Postage, 1283, 1320. Snow Phenomena: Letter from Mr. Gladstone, 1308. Law of Partnership, 1316. Time Reform, 1316, 1349. Royal Zoological Society—Traffic in London Streets, 1316. Terracotta Bowls from Babylon—Chinese Use of the term "Barbarian", 1348. Longfellow's Golden Legend, 1352. Leicester Square Soup Kitchen, 1376. Revision of Cambridge Statutes—Observatory at Nottingham—Persecutions of the Press in Spain, 1377. Nimrod Obelisk, 1384. Foreign—Guardianship of Vatican Library, 24. Gold Regions of America, 27. American Census, 83, 215. Academy of Social and Political Sciences, Pesth, 138. Academy of Sciences, Copenhagen, 139, 607. Lead in California, 173. Italian Bandits, 192. Important MSS. in America, 227. Translation Committee in the East, 240. Capitol at Washington, 307. Fossil Eggs in Madagascar, 329. Egyptian Chronology, Turin—Museum of Panama, 363. German Mystery, 364. Greek MS. at Turin, 408. Berlin Majolica—Art in Belgium—Astor Library, 413. Vienna, 455. Royal Library at Copenhagen, 481. Leipzig Catalogue, 554. Tea in India, 564. Academy of Sciences at Constantinople, 722. Geology of Asia Minor, 757. Borneo Pirates, 772. Stockholm, 806, 881. Tucan Canoe, 807, 808. Petersburg—Vigilance Committee, California, 831. Hanover, 832. Base of the Nile, 1003. The Persian Tongue [Letter from Rast-Pasand], 1052. Archives of Belgium, 1076. Amsterdam, 1122. Dr.

GOSSIP AND MISCELLANEA—continued.
Leichardt's Party, 1124. Prof. Gorini, 1180. Holland—Navigation of the Po, 1207. Freshwater Lake in Australia, 1259. Constantinople—Scientific Expedition from Copenhagen, 1263. Royal Society of Sciences at Göttingen, 1349.
French—Currency Question in Paris, 54. Memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu, 113. Celebration at Aurillac, 139. Scientific Congress at Paris, 169. Improvements in Paris, 218, 1233. M. Bianqui at Lille, 271. College of Troyes, 363. "Le Tribune Chronométrique", 408. Statue of William the Conqueror—Paris Academy of Sciences, 502. Sanitary Congress at Paris, 732. New Exhibition at Versailles, 931. M. Lalande's MSS., 1073. Monument to Admiral Coligny, 1122. The Elzevira—Monument to Madame de Sévigné, 1161. M. Parmentier, 1233.
Fine-Art Gossip—25, 57, 83, 115, 144, 171, 196, 225, 250, 274, 306, 360, 396, 411, 435, 458, 482, 507, 532, 562, 586, 610, 640, 666, 691, 774, 809, 834, 858, 881, 909, 933, 956, 981, 1003, 1026, 1051, 1075, 1096, 1123, 1152, 1170, 1211, 1235, 1258, 1287, 1316, 1351, 1383.
Great Exhibition—23, 27, 53, 57, 59, 84, 89 [Mr. Paxton's Letter], 112, 144, 168, 171, 191, 217, 298, 407, 411, 432, 454, 484, 523, 586, 613, 634, 689, 810, 834, 880, 979, 1002, 1121, 1150, 1236.
Musical and Dramatic Gossip—26, 58, 89, 115, 143, 172, 196, 227, 252, 276, 307, 332, 364, 387, 412, 437, 453, 485, 509, 533, 563, 587, 613, 642, 689, 692, 734, 744, 775, 811, 835, 859, 883, 910, 933, 957, 982, 1005, 1029, 1124, 1153, 1179, 1212, 1235, 1259, 1288, 1319, 1351, 1384.
Railway Gossip—Clearing-house, 23, 112. India, 218. Switzerland, 270. Panama, 383. Egypt, 413, 808, 433. King of Prussia's Legacy, 481. Lake Michigan and Pacific, 634. Norway, 881. Halifax and Quebec, 953. Bookselling—Railway across the Mersey, 1151. Insurance, 1175. Continental, 1313.
Scientific Gossip—86, 144, 159, 1380. Palae's Water Gas, 410. Electrical Factory, by N. J. Holmes, 828. Improvements in large Reflecting Telescopes (with a Diagram), by P. M. Farlane, 1210.
Goth and Hun, by Paton, 653.
Gould's (Mr.) Humming Birds, 581; Monograph of Trochilidae (Humming Birds), 900.
Graham's Town and Outposts, 295.
Grant's Memoirs of Sir J. Heppburn, 1168; Bothwell, 1370.
Grant's Treatise on Law of Corporations, 853.
Gray's (Mrs. H.) Emperors of Rome, 215.
Greatley's Philosophy in the Fens, 704.
Greece, History of, by Miss Corner, 350; by Finlay, 893; by Dr. Schmitt, 135.
Greece, &c., by W. M. Leake, 381.
Greek Popular Songs of, by De Marcellus, 1066.
Greek School Books: Homer, Books I. to IV., by Rev. T. K. Arnold, 50; History of Greece, by Miss Corner, 350; by Finlay, 893; by Dr. Schmitt, 135; Exercises on Greek Prose, by Prof. Beaton, 215; Greek (Modern), Corpe's Introduction—Greek Ellipse, by Black, 270; Homer's Iliad, literally tr. by T. A. Buckley, 429; Translated in Hexameters, 950; Adams's New Greek Delectus, 828; Mercier's Selections from Aesop, Xenophon and Anacreon, 578; Greek Septuagint Version, 901; Plato, Stalbaum's Text, by Burgess, Vol. IV., 989; Demosthenes, Oration on the Crown, by Drake, 1045; Heinfeffer's Literal Translations of Gospels and Epistles, 1173; by Norris, 1253.
Green's Lives of Princesses of England, Vol. III., 376.
Gregory's Letters on Animal Magnetism, 1037.
Grey's Church Leases, 684.
Guggenbühl's Letter to Lord Ashley, 657.
Guiana, British, Travels in, by R. Schomburgk, 164.
Guide Books: Weale's London Exhibited in 1851—Gilbert's Visitor's Guide to London—Adams's Pocket London Guide Book—Nouveau Guide à Londres, 471; Thimm's London (German), 550; British Metropolis in 1851—Limbird's Hand-book to London—Wilme's Symbolic Map of London—Macaulay's Map of all Railway Stations, 653; Cassell's London Conductor, 635, 853; Seyfarth's Guide to London, 708; Eastern Counties' Illustrated Guide Book, 771; Stradematical Survey of London, Part I., 832 [see also 680]; Bradshaw's Map of London, 833; London, Redding's Stranger—London Made Easy, 950; Churton's Railroad Book of England, 1043; Fraser's Travelling Map of Ireland, 1118; Cathrall's Wanderings in North Wales, 1145; Guide through and around Bath, by Indicator, 1344.
Guinea, Gulf of, Smith's Trade and Travels, 1091.
Guizot's Monk's Contemporaries, tr. by Scoble, 1014.
Gulston on the Telotype, 245.
Hakluyt Society: Divers Voyages by Richard Hakluyt, ed. by J. W. Jones, 373; Discovery and Conquest of Florida by Don Ferdinand de Soto, ed. by W. B. Ryer, 926.
Hall's West of England and the Exhibition, 826.
Hamon and Catar, 849.
Hanna's (Dr.) Life of Dr. Chalmers, 994.
Hants and Wilts. Notes and Essays, by Moody, 403.
Happiness, Work and Knowledge, by Dr. Forbes, 399.
Hard up, 50.
Harpur on Essential Nature of Phenomena, 269.
Hartenbusch's (Don J. E.) Select Works, 469.
Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables, 545.
Haydn's Beethoven's Political Index Modernised, 1273.
Heeren and Ukert's History of States of Europe, 519.
Heinfetter's Literal Translations of Gospels and Epistles, 1173.
Heir of West Wayland, by Mary Howitt, 452.
Henderson's Excursions and Adventures in New South Wales, 72.

Henty's Art of Conversation, 550.
Heppburn (Sir J.), Memoirs of, by Grant, 1168.
Herald's Visitation, Sims's Index to Pedigree, &c., 404.
Hermetic Mystery, a Suggestive Inquiry, 497.
Hettner's Romantic School, Goethe and Schiller, 996.
Hickman on Naval Courts-Martial, 853.
Hildreth's United States of America, Vols. IV. and V., 1191.
Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America, by Rev. A. Newlight, 132.
Hitchings's Poems, 924.
Hodge's Catechism of Fortification, 739.
Holland's (Lord) Foreign Reminiscences, 44, 77 [see also 138].
Holland's Memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey, 1089.
Holtzappel on Turning and Mechanical Manipulation, Vol. III., 54.
Home is Home, 735.
Homer's Iliad, literally translated by J. A. Buckley, 429; Homer's Iliad, translated in Hexameters, 950.
Homesham's Attack on Report of Board of Health, 136.
Hooker's Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya, 678.
Hore Egyptiaca, by R. S. Poole, 969.
Horne's Dreamer and Worker, 321.
Hoskins's (G. A.) Spain as it is, 1116.
House of Seven Gables, by Hawthorne, 545.
Howe's Clara Evesham, 739.
Howitt's (M.) Heir of West-Wayland, 452; Jacob Bendish, 1338.
Howitt's (W.) Madam Dorrington of the Dene, 290.
Hubback's Wife's Sister, 129; Life and its Lessons, 992.
Hughes's (E.) Outlines of Physical Geography, 327; Introductory Atlas of Modern Geography, 804; Geography for Elementary Schools, 1374.
Hughes's (W.) Manuals of Geography, 828.
Humboldt's Cosmos, tr. by Sabine, Vol. III., Pt. I., 401.
Humboldt, Radiations from, by Eliza Maier, 625.
Humming Birds, Monograph, by Gould, 900.
Humphreys's Sentiments and Similes of Shakespeare, 1117.
Hungarian Fugitives in Turkey, by Imrefi and Vasi, 921 [see also 1005].
Hungary, by Corrius, 295.
Hungary before March 1848, by Fényes, 765.
Hungary, Revelations of, by Baron Prochazka, 106.
Hungary, Tales and Traditions, by F. & T. Pulszky, 349.
Hunterian Oration for 1851, 380.
Hurry-graphs, by N. P. Willis, 679.
Hurton's (W.) Leith to Lapland, 599.
Hutton's Chronology of Creation, 878.
India, Ancient and Modern, 19.
India, Ancient and Modern, by Cooke Taylor and Mackenna, 1304.
India, British, History of, by Gleig, 902.
India, Culture of Cotton in, by Forbes Royle, 798.
Industrial Investment and Emigration, by Scratchley, 473.
Introduction to Hist. of the Peace, by Martineau, 543.
Inventions, Provisional Registry, by D. G. Brown, 595.
Ipswich Museum, 1282; Anniversary, 1350.
Ireland, Natural History of, by W. H. Thompson, Vols. I., II., III., 671.
Ireland, Popular History of, by Stewart, 1229.
Iris, The, ed. by Dr. Hart, 1340.
Irish Annual Miscellany, by Rev. P. Murray, Vol. II., 295.
Isola, by Rice Jones, 1373.
Italian Language, Practical Grammar of, by L. Mariotti, 1312.
Italian Life, Scenes from, by L. Mariotti, 79.
Italy and the East, Scenes and Institutions, by Bel-dam, 733.
Italy in 1848, by Lucio Mariotti, 375.
Italy, Literature of, by L. F. Simpson, 1013.
Italy, Military Events in 1848 and 1849, tr. by Lord Ellesmere, 39.
Jacob Bendixen, by Mary Howitt, 1338.
Jamaica, Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn in, 1172.
Jamin's Mois de Mai à Londres, 950.
János the Hero, by Petösi, 16.
Jasper Lyle, by Mrs. Warde, 1020.
Jerold (D.), Works of, Vol. I., 768; Vol. II., 1309.
Jerwood on Sea Shores, 853.
Jews in Great Britain, History of, by Margoliouth, 627.
Jewsbury's Marian Withers, 920.
John Drayton, 948.
Johnson, Dr. Life of, 580.
Johnston's (A. K.) Dictionary of Geography, 20.
Johnston's (J. F. W.) Notes on North America, 705.
Johnston's (W.) England as it is, 103.
Jones's (D. R.) Isola, 1373.
Jones's (Wharton) Sense of Vision, &c., 1173.
Jones's (W. B.) Vestiges of the Gael, 430.
Josephus, Jewish War, new tr. by Traill, Vol. II., 849.
Journals, Textual History of, 523.
Judaism, Talmudic-Rabbinical, Schröder's Manners and Customs of, 166.
Judges of England, by Foss, Vols. III. and IV., 701.

- ORITARY: Mr. Alexander, 1384; M. Asser, 64; M. Audin, 240; J. J. Audubon, 192, 216; Joanna Balliol, 265; Mr. G. Baker, 1095; Lieut. Barnard, 1375; M. Bastiat, 35; Mr. B. Beasley, 1182; Mr. Beaufoy, 773; Mr. W. Berry, 741; Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, 1131; Dr. E. Binn, 335; M. de Bignieres, 1009; Melchior Bismarck, 620; Mr. T. Bracken, 169; Dr. de Brouha, 271; Bornell, 1121; 1349; Dr. Carlson, 607; Luigi Carrer, 63; Rev. J. H. Caunter, 1282; Signor Cianchetti, 835; Peter Carr, 1282; Mr. Martin Colnaghi, 532; Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, 1047, 1122; M. Coquerel, 169; Hon. Keppel Craven, 721; Capt. J. D. Cunningham, 431; Dr. Czernak, 335; M. Daguere, 774; Sir J. G. Dalrymple, 662; Mr. T. S. Davies, 53; Earl of Derby, 721 [see also 1002]; M. Dorevo, 146; Mr. Dowson, 494, 500; M. Dubois, 1023; Prof. Dunbar, 1315; Rev. W. Field, 906; Dr. Fraehn, 1003; M. G. Frappin, 355; Dr. Frans, 1349; M. Ganneau, 355; M. Gny-Lussac, 355; Mr. Gibbon, 909; Mr. B. P. Gibbon, 246; M. Goeren-Wahlberg, 433; Dr. B. Goldschmidt, 240; Mr. Graham, 725; Herr Gruber, 907; Dr. Gutzlaff, 1121; Mr. J. Henning, 630; Prof. Hüllin, 1023; Prof. Humbert, 1049; Dr. Honoré, 1282; Mr. Hildge, 532; M. Jacobi, 329; Mr. B. Jones, 958; Dr. J. Kidd, 1032; M. Kockkoek, 115; Mr. C. König, 954; Dr. Kunze, 528; M. Lachmann, 355; M. C. Langenbeck, 192; M. Lapie, 53; Chev. de Lavy, 1131; Miss Lee, 856; Mrs. A. Lee, 494; Dr. Mrs. Leigh, 1191; Dr. Leuret, 84; Dr. Linck, 63; Dr. Lingard, 805 [see also 880]; Mr. Harry Luttrell, 1376; Dr. Mackness, 118; Dr. Mainzer, 1212; M. Mallin, 307; Dr. Maxwell, 83; Dr. Meinhold, 1315; Mr. Joshua Milne, 63; Dr. Miot, 117; Mr. Basil Montagu, 1282; Mr. Moore, 484; Herr Moser, 197; F. C. Naegele, 192; Madame Nakawaka, 1256; Mr. W. Nicol, 979; Marquis of Northampton, 110; Prof. Oersted, 354 [see also 383]; Dr. Oken, 931, 952; Mr. D. W. Osbaldiston, 26; Dr. O'Sullivan, 930; Mr. Parry, 413; Dr. Paulus, 907; M. Louis Perreé, 113; Mr. R. Phillips, 524; Count Plin, 607; Dr. Prissnitz, 1315; Mr. E. Quillman, 741; M. Rameau, 775; Rev. Dr. Reid, 363; Mr. Richardson, 1022; M. de St. Priest, 1170; Rev. Dr. Sadler, 1349; Count A. de Saluzzo, 931; Herr Sandner, 94; Mr. Sapio, 1280; M. de Savigny, 1096; Prof. Schumacher, 53; Mrs. Shea, 835; Mrs. Shelley, 191; Mr. Shiel, 607, 630; M. de Silvestre, 880; Dr. Pye Smith, 169; Chev. Spontini, 172; Mr. G. Stephens, 1190; Mr. J. Stephens, 454; Mr. C. St. John, 532; Lady Louisa Stuart, 63; M. Stur, 355; M. Tarver, 454; Mr. R. C. Taylor, 1255; G. M. Thomson, 348; M. Tieck, 611; M. de la Touche, 329; Mr. Turner, 1382; M. Vogt, 307; Prof. Walsh, 931; Mr. Whitehead, 1375; Dr. Wingard, 1073; Prof. Wolf, 1049; Mr. W. Wyon, 1177.
- Ogilvy's Traditions of Tuscany, 874
Oldfield's (Marriott) Two Friends, 1145
Oliver's Symbol of Glory, 550
Opdyke on Political Economy, 1944
Order of Merit, 1146; Letter from F., 1175
Oriental Names, 210; Letters from Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, 247, 298; from a Constant Reader, 270, 298
Ottoman History, The Three Æras of, by Skene, 967
Our Heartless Policy, 943
Overland Route, Gleanings on the, 48
Ovid, tr. by Riley, Faeti, &c., 1093; Metamorphoses, 1312
Owen's (Mr. R.) Views, Letter from Mr. R. Owen, 904 [see also 808]
Owgan's Translation of Tacitus, 975
Ox Tribe, Delineations of, by Vasey, 1345
- Pacific, Island World of, by Cheever, 1137
Pacific, Rovings in, 242
Paine's Task of the Age, 901
Palestine, Geography and Sketch, by Schwarz, 214
Palgrave's Normandy and England, Vol. I., 621, 658
Panama, Isthmus of, by A. D., 452, 479
Pappenheimers, The, ed. by Capt. Ashton, 1273
Paris from 1817 to 1848, Reminiscences of, 797, 824
Parker's Boie Ponjis, 1144
Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac, 1252
Passions of the Human Soul, Fourier, by Morell and Doherty, 329
Paton's (A. A.) Mamelukes, 601; Goth and Hun, 653
Patterson's First Steps to Zoology, 135
Peloponnesus, by Ernst Curtius, 1373
Penn (William), by W. H. Dixon, 319, 346 [see also Letter, 479]
Persia, Travels in, by Prince A. Soltykoff, 186
Petermann's Map of Borneo—Illustrations of the Statistics of the British Islands, 380
Petőfi's János, 16
Pfeiffer's (Madame) Journey to Scandinavia North, 541; A Lady's Voyage round the World, 602; Madame Pfeiffer in Africa, Letter from Dr. Petermann, 1201
Philosophy of Spirits, by Dr. Burnett, 131
Phrenology, Discussion on, between Donovan and Grant, 430, 452
Physician, Living, Extracts from Diary, by L.F.C., 215
Physiology, Principles of, by Dr. Carpenter, 1115
Physical Field-Book of Revolution, by Lossing, 1370
Fictorial Shakspeare, by Knight, Vol. I., 327
Firm of Mediterranean, by W. C. Kingston, 1306
Fianin's (Madame) Convent and Harem, 1339
Fiecirn's Island in 1850, by Brodie, 703
Planché's Pursuivant of Arms, 1277
Pneumatics of Hero of Alexandria, by Woodcroft, 380
Poems: Allingham's, 78; Arany's, 1038; Barry Cornwall's, 1137; Beddoes's, 989; Bennett's, 78; Beranger's, tr. by Young, 1279; C. I. Y., 374; Bartley Coleridge's, 297; Hitchings's, 924; Longfellow's, 1369—Golden Legend, 1303 [see also 1332]; Meredith's, 693; Scott's,
- 1017; Walter Scott's, 1369; Whose? 799; Wickenden's, 924
POETRY: The New Year Chimes, by Eleanora L. Hervey, 20; The Lesson of a Night, by Author of 'The Patriarch's Daughter,' 22; To Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 191; The Snowdrop in the Snow, by Sydney Tennyson, 245; A Song of Spring, by Edmund Ollier, 293; The First Sorrow, by A. A. Watts, 661; The Poet's Wealth, by Frances Brown, 740; Past and Present, by Vincent Leigh Hunt, 771; Darkness and Light, a Fantasy, by Edmund Ollier, 829; Heart-Wisdom, by Vincent Leigh Hunt, 902; Wonderland, by Cradock Hewlitt, 976; Dreamland, by Edmund Ollier, 1021; Care's Holiday (for Music), by H. F. C., 1093
Poetry of Incident, by W. W. B., 705
Political Economy, Newman's Lectures on, 682
Political Economy, by Opdyke, 1344
Pope, Lord Carlisle's Lectures on, 190
Poole's (B.) Statistics of British Commerce, Part I. 550
Poole's (R. S.) Horse Ægyptians, 969
Popery, British and Foreign, by W. S. Lander, 244
Popocatepetl, Ascent of, by J. Vetch, 51
Poussin's United States, 823
Prentice's Historical Sketches, &c. of Manchester, 578
Preston's Makamat, 76
Price's Sick Calls, 404
Pridham's Kossuth and Magyar Land, 1249
Princesses of England, Lives of, by M. A. E. Green, Vol. III., 376
Princeps Thibet, Tartary, and Mongolia, 869
Prochazka's Revelations of Hungary, 106
Pulszky's Tales and Traditions of Hungary, 349
Punjab Frontier, Year in, by Edwards, 183, 208 [see also 270]
Pursuivant of Arms, The, by J. Planché, 1277
Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life, 655
Rail, Literature of, 947
Rail, Reading for, Traveller's Library, 1228
Railroad Book of England, by E. Churton, 1043
Railway, English, Francis's History, 1140
Railways, Continental, 1313
Railways Statistically Considered, by Scrivenor, 1374
Raleigh (Sir W.), Letter from Sir R. H. Schom-burgh, 1254; from Mr. J. P. Collier, 1281
Rambles beyond Railways, by W. W. Collins, 185
Ramsay's Manual of Roman Antiquities, 993
Ratcliffe on Friendly Societies, 136
Ravenscliffe, 1198
Realities, by Eliza Lynn, 626
Reasoning, Theoria of, by Bailey, 946
Red Spectre of 1852, by Romieu, 448
Regnault's History of the Conseil d'État, 1312
Reid's Sculp-Hunters, 766
Rendell's Antediluvian History and Narrative, 244
Reprints and New Editions, 136, 404, 739, 804, 1145, 1345
Rhine, The, by Kohl, 735
Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya, by Hooker, 678
Rhyme Book, by Hercules Ellis, 1090
Rhymer's Family, by Watson, 1373
Rich, The Legend of St. Peter's Chair, 739
Richard Edney, 74
Richardson's (Rev. J.) Letter to Rev. W. Goode, 19
Richardson's (Sir J.) Journal of Arctic Searching Expedition, 1349
Rides on Railways, by Sidney, 943
Rimbault's Little Book of Songs and Ballads, 625
Ritchie's Dynamical Theory of Formation of the Earth, 263
Robert's (M.) Popular History of Mollusca, 1224
Rogers's Essays, from Edinburgh Review, 452
Roman Building at Caerleon, by Lee, 14
Roman State, by Farini, tr. by Gladstone, 677
Roman Wall, by Bruce, 241
Rome, Rambles through, by De Chatain, 1015
Romieu's Red Spectre of 1852, 448
Rose Douglas, 291
Rovings in Pacific, by a Merchant, 242
Royle's (Dr.) Culture, &c. of Cotton in India, 798
Ruskin's Stones of Venice, Vol. I., 330
Ruskinism, Something on, 524
- Sacred Incidents, by Psychologist, 107
St. George's Cathedral, 739
St. Giles and St. James, Part I., 19; 768
Sales: Autographs, 23, 54, 555, 805, 808, 857, 878, 954, 1235, 1315; Rev. Dr. Nelligan's, 144; First and Second Folio Editions of Shakspeare, 271; Works of Dante, 299; Scott's Copyrights, 329, 353, 460, 592; Mr. Maberley's Enchiridion—Pictures and Water-colour Copies, 666; Portrait and Bust of Campbell, 774 [see also 810]; Gray's Books and MSS., 954; Baron de Nagell's Pictures, 1003; Cottingham Museum, 1234 [see also 25]; Mint Papers and Standard Troy Pound—Mr. Stanesby Alchome's, 1235; Historical and Heraldic MSS. and Drawings—MSS. and Drawings, 1315—Mr. Drummond Hay's Library—Jarvis Library, 1377
Sand's (George) Castle of the Deserts, 1115
Sandboys, Adventures of, by Mayhew and Cruikshank, No. I., 163
Sandwich Islands, Life in, by H. F. Cheever, 1137
Sanskrit Metres, by E. B. Cowall, 22
Saxon in Ireland, 379
- Scalp-Hunters, by Capt. M. Reid, 706
Scandinavian North, Journey to, by Madame Pfeiffer, 541
Schlagentweit on Physical Geography of Alps, 187
Schlosser's History of Eighteenth Century, 708
Schoedler's Book of Nature, tr. by Medlock, 1253
Schomburgk's Travels in British Guiana, 164
Schott's Poems, 1017
Schröder's Maxims and Customs of Talmudic-Rabbinical Judaism, 166
Schwarz, Geography and Sketch of Palestine, 214
Scilly, Isles of, by North, 403
Scinde, by Lieut. R. F. Burton, 1111
Scoresby's Whaleman's Adventures, 108; Memorials of the Sea, 195
Scotland, Frontier Chain of, Letter from Prof. Sedgwick, 194
Scott's (Sir Walter) Poetical Works, 1369
Scratchley's Industrial Investment, 478
Secret Histories and Enigmatical Men, by Büla, 427
Shakspeare: Shakspeare on the Early German Stage, by Albert Cohn, 21; 'Titus Andronicus,' Letters from Mr. Hickson, 83, 363; from Albert Cohn, 296; The Pictorial, ed. by Knight, Vol. I., 327; Sentiments and Similes, by H. N. Humphreys, 1117; Shakspeare House, 63
Shaw's Golden Dreams and Waking Realities, 1064
Sherwood and Streeter's Mirror of Maidens, 19
Shilleto's 'Thucydides or Grote' 804
Sicilian Vespers, by Amari, tr. by Lord Ellesmere, 14
Sidney's Rides on Railways, 943
Siege of Damascus, by J. Nisbet, 327
Sikh War (Second), by Thackwell, 183, 208
Simmonds's Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions, 430
Simpson's (L. F.) The Literature of Italy, 1013
Sinclair's (Miss C.) Kaleidoscope of Anecdotes, 683
Sind, by Lieut. R. F. Burton, 1111
Sir Philip Hetherington, 165
Skene's Three Æras of Ottoman History, 967
Skinner (Lieut.-Col.), Life of, by J. B. Fraser, 343
Smibert's To Ancho, 924
Smith's (Dr.) New Classical Dictionary, 73
Smith's (G.) Doctrine of Cherubim, 136
Smith's (Rev. H.) Destitution and Miseries of the Poor Disclosed, 901
Smith's (J.) Trade and Travels in Gulf of Guinea, 1091
Smith's (M. P.) Castle Deloraine, 736
Smithfield, by Dunhill, 350;—and Newgate Markets, by Hon. F. Byng, 739; What shall we do with, 1344
Snow's Voyage of the 'Prince Albert' in Search of Sir John Franklin, 41
Socialism Unmasked, by Gouvard, 430
Social Statics, by Spencer, 402
- SOCIETIES: [Important Papers only are referred to]
Antiquaries—86, 114, 141, 193, 220, 272, 301, 356, 409, 528, 556, 608, 636, 1256, 1284, 1317, 1379
Archæological Institute—773; Meeting at Bristol, 829, 853
Asiatic—Cave Temples of Ajanta, 85; Donaldson on an Ancient Persian Inscription, 140; 219; Chapman and Skinner on Anurajapura, 300; Lynch on Remains on Banks of Euphrates, 301; Wilson on Hindû Festivals, 325; Nicholson on City of Vamila-pura, 456; Annual Report, 636; Pote on Oriental Origin, &c. of Mexico, 809; Cunningham on Topes in Central India, 909; Bradley on Rock-cut Caves of Auranabad, 1234; Meadows on Accutons in China, 1379
Astronomical—Airy on Clockwork for Equatorials—Lassell's Observations on Saturn, 140; Ring of Saturn, 300
Botanical—409, 809, 1074
British Archæological Association—Meeting at Derby, 906
Chemical—503, 664
Entomological—141, 220, 302, 409, 529, 637, 833, 857, 955, 1074, 1206, 1318
Ethnological—Kolbe on Damara Country, 114; Miles on Demigods and Demons of Australia, 221; Thurman on Crania in 13-14; Burial-places, 327; Miles on Superstitions of Australians, 557; 608
Geographical—Abel's Climatological Notices between Black and Caspian Seas, 113; Scott on Hong Kong, 139; Stanley on Louisiana Archipelago, 140; Ascent of White Nile, 219; 300; Mitchell's Account of Island of Rontan, 355; 409; Rawlinson on Biblical Cities of Assyria, 455; Bolkester on Southern Peru, 555; Strachey on Physical Geography of Kumaon and Garhwal, 635; 664; Lieut. Pim's Plan of an Arctic Expedition, 1209; Ommanney on late Discoveries in Arctic Regions, 1283; Capt. Penny on the Arctic Expedition—Cattlin's Museum of Mankind—Briefly on Friendly Islands, 1378
Geological—Duke of Argyll on Isle of Mull—Forbes on Isle of Skye, 65; 140; Murchison on Silurian Rocks in South of Scotland, 219; Rumbury on Fossil Plants of Scarborough, 330; 394, 434, 503; Murchison on Rocks in Weald of Surrey, 556; 608; Sedgwick on Slate Rocks of Devon and Cornwall, 1233; Hopkins on Granitic Blocks in Scotland, 1284; Sedgwick on Pennine and Craven Faults, 1317; Geinitz on the Quader-formation of Germany, 1378
Horticultural—114
Institution of Architects—1257
Institute of British Architects—170, 220, 301, 330, 356, 409, 503, 608, 636, 664, 809, 1284, 1349
Institution of Civil Engineers—86, 114, 141, 194, 221, 272, 302, 357, 384, 410, 457, 504, 529, 557, 1208, 1257, 1285, 1318, 1380
Linnean—114, 220, 302, 384, 434, 636, 664, 1204
Meteorological—366
Microscopical—1152, 1204

SOCIETIES—continued.

Philological—1285, 1380

Royal Institution—Paraday on Oxygen and Nitrogen, 141;
Brande on Peat and its Products, 221; Forbes on Natural
History of British Seas, 302; Cowper on Lighthouses, 303;
Murchison on former Changes of Alps, 327; Breckdon
on Cautchouche, 354; 410; Lyell on Impressions of Rain-
drops in Ancient and Modern Strata, 457; Faraday on
Atmospheric Magnetism, 529; Astronomer Royal on total
Eclipse of 1851, 557; Powell on proving Rotation of
Earth by means of Pendulum, 637
Royal Society—24, 85, 170, 193, 219, 309, 329, 355, 434, 503,
528, 535, 606, 635, 1283
Royal Society of Literature—170; Hogg on Sicilian and Sar-
dinian Languages, 194; 272, 384, 456, 503, 636, 953, 980;
Discoveries in Central Africa, 1256
Society of Arts—141, 272, 303, 358, 385, 410, 1206
Statistical—220; 384; Jopling on Sanitary Statistics of Me-
tropolis, 436; 556; Neison on Mortality among Intempe-
rate, 686; Guy on Duration of Life among Clergy, 1257;
Levi on Comparative Statistics of the World, 1379
Syré-Egyptian—86, 221, 304, 434, 559, 683, 1257, 1349
Zoological—86; Owen on a new Pterodactyle from Chalk, 194

BRITISH ASSOCIATION—Meeting of General Committee, 70. Treas-
urer's Report—General Meeting and President's Address, 711.
Miscellaneous—Meetings of General Committee, 745

Sec. A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.—Forbes's Experiments
on Conductivity of Gases—Report on the Velocity of Sound in
Liquid and Solid Bodies, 714. Reid on Mooring Ships in
revolving Gales, 718. Daguerotypes of the Moon, 716. Wind
Pressure and Fall of Barometer—Brooke on Illuminating
Opaque Objects, &c.—Bakewell on Conduction of Electricity
through Water—Cox on Parallelogram of Mechanical
Magnitudes, 717. Powell on Luminous Meteors—On Lord
Brougham's Experiment on Light, 745—On Guyard's Experi-
ment, 746. Lowe on a Midland Observatory—Bakewell on a
Copying Electric Telegraph—Stokes on a new Elliptic Analyser
—Fendall on the Electric Telegraph, &c. &c. 746

Kew Magnetographs—Whewell on our Ignorance of the general
Course of Tides, 748. Lord Rose on Plane Speculums of Silver,
749. Lee on Allen and Christian's Meteorological Observations,
750. Valerius on Gases—Banking on Molecular Vortices—
Johnson on Telescopic Funnel of Steamships—Andrews on
Hygrometric Moisture—Batemann on Astronomical Instruments
in Great Exhibition—Fendall on Air Bubbles in Water, 748—On
an Experiment in Thermo-Electricity—Twining on Sunbeams
—R. Russell on Storms, 757. See also 809

Sec. B.—Chemistry, &c.—De Vries on Liquid Camphor, &c.
717. Gladstone on Growth of Plants in various Gases—Mer-
cer on Fibres of Calico, 717. Beke on a Diamond Slab, 718. Dumas
on Atomic Volumes and Atomic Weights, 720. Boutigny on
Bodies in the Spheroidal State—Darby on Chemical Nomen-
clature of Organic Compounds—Johnson on Caloric Efficiency
of Coals—Anderson on Action of Heat on Animal Substances
—Schelling on the Derivation of Air—Huxley on the
Agricultural Chemistry—Soeffner on Gambogic Acid—Smith
on the Air and Water of Towns, 778

Sec. C.—Geology and Physical Geography.—Wood on Coralline Crag
near Oxford—Phillips on Crags and London Clay—Owen's Re-
mains from Red Crag of Suffolk, 718. Schafheut on Kilm-
ore in reference to Bavarian Alps, 750. Strachey on Geology
of Himalaya—Murchison on Drift and Surfaces of Rocks of
Scotland—Owen on Fossil Mammalia from Harwell, Hants—
Bowerbank on the great Shark of the Red Crags—Forbes on Echi-
nodermata of the Devonian Rocks—Bowerbank on a Gigantic Bird from Sheppy—On the Pterodactyls,
751. Prevost's Expedition, 778. Gunn on a gigantic Fossil
Bone—Mallet's Second Report on Earthquakes—Huist on Up-
heavals, &c. of the Andes in India, 779. Tubular Cavities in Crags,
Letter from C. 833

Sec. D.—Natural History, including Physiology.—Lankester on For-
mation of Wood and Decent of Bay Atkinson on Senecioideae—
Huxley on a new Spoke-like Animal—Williams on British
Annelids, 752—On Pholades, &c. 753. Forbes on Molluscos
Fauna of Ancones—Gray on Pedicularia—Huxley on Annelids,
754. Huxley on genus Sagitta—Alder and Hancock on Branchial
Currents of Pholus and Mys, 773. Henslow on Vitality of Seeds—
Cleghorn on Destruction of Tropical Forests in British India—
Berkeley and Brown on Facts about Certain Fungi—Strachey
and Madden on Botanical Geography of the Himalaya Moun-
tains, 780. Peach on Calcareous Zoophytes at Harwich—Hendry
on Cryptogamic life in Supply of Air—Tubular Cavities in Crags—
Gladstone on a sample of Blood—Twining on Cretinism in Eng-
land, 781

Sec. E.—Geography and Ethnology.—Schomburgk's Ethnological
Researches in St. Domingo, 710. Young on Certain Races in
India, 720. Donaldson on Ethnographical Classification, 754.
Beke on Recent Nile Discoveries—Crawford on Bornes—Khan-
koff's Account of Mount Ararat, 753. Strachey on Geography of
Kumán and Garwhál, 781. Bollert on the Great Earthquake in
Chile, 783. Latham on Brahú—Brooke on Geography of
Bornes—Stokes on Survey of New Zealand—Leycester on Vol-
canic Groups of Milo, 783. Bollert on Meteoric Iron of Ataca-
ma—Brent's Comparison of Athletic Men and Greek Statues,
784

Sec. F.—Statistics.—Hancock on Capital in Ireland—On Charit-
able Savings Banks, 780, 785. Hancock on Pauper Labour—Tilt
on Infatigable Idiot—Kennedy on the Influence of Discoveries in
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Spencer's (H.) Social Statics, 402
Spiritual Alchemy, 1306
Spottiswoode's Elementary Theorems, 245
Spurrell's Elementary Sounds of English Language,
110
Squier's Serpent Symbol, 800
Stark's South of Ireland, 245
Stanley's Addresses and Charges of Bishop of Nor-
wich, 266
State of Man subsequent to Promulgation of Chris-
tianity, 1019

State Papers, 381

Staves for Human Ladder, by G. L. Banks, 375
Stephen's Lectures on History of France, 1221 [see
also 1259]

Stereoscope, The, 1350
Sterling (J.), Life of, by Carlyle, 1088
Sternberg's Dialect of Northamptonshire, 950
Stevenson's Cottage Homes of England, 998
Stocquer's British Officer, 426
Story of a Family, by S. M., 327
Stuart's Eve of the Deluge, 295
Stuart of Dunleath, by Hon. Mrs. Norton, 470
Sussex Archaeological Collections, Vol. IV., 993
Suwarow and his last Campaign, by Macready, 1245
Sweden, Pictures of, by Andersen, 574
Swedish Language, May's Practical Grammar, 804
Sydney to Southampton, 850
Synonyms, English, a Selection of, 1143
Syria, Palestine, &c., by Neale, 926

Tales of the Mountains, 849

Tate's Elements of Mechanism, 135

Taxes on Knowledge, 81

Taylor's (J. Glanville) United States and Cuba, 267
Telegraph: The Telegraph, by Gulton, 245; Sub-
marine, 607, 1049, 1073, 1095, 1232, 1384
Tempest Prognosticator, by Merryweather, 430
Texier's History of Journals, &c., 523
Thackeray's (W. M.) Lectures, 551
Thackwell's Second Sikh War, 183, 208

THEATRES:

Covent Garden: Italian Opera, 172. Programme, 332. *Open-
ing of Season:* Semiramide—Signor Salviati's début, 336. Ma-
sanello, 412. Roberto il Diavolo, M. Sigelli's début, 418.
L'opéra d'opéra, 419. Signor Salviati—La Donna del Lago, Signor
Bianchi, 534. Il Franco Arciere, Mlle. Bertrand, Sig. Tam-
berlik, 635. Fidiello, 658. Don Giovanni, Sig. Tamberlik, 641.
La Fanciulla del Prodigio, Mlle. Mariotti, 692. Il Flauto
Magico, 743, 775. I Puritani, Sig. Ronconi, 744. L'Elisir, Sig.
Ronconi, 535. Saffo, 588. *Close of Season,* 593

Drury Lane: *Change of Management.* Henry the Fourth,
Part I., 26. Old Lord and New, &c. Cad's Daughter, 145. Azeel
the Prodigal, 333. Morning Call, 332. Queen of Spades, 412.
Robbers, 400. Good Queen Bess, 538. Ingotam, 645, 691. *Equi-
vocal Performances,* 535. M. Jullien's Promenade Concerts, 1213,
1245, 1285

Haymarket—Macready's Lear—Good for Nothing—Black-
eyed Susan—Presented at Court, 171. Mr. Wallace—Miss Ad-
dison, 375. Mr. J. W. Wallace's Ophelia, 366—Macheth, 333—Ham-
let, 332—Claude Melnotte, 412—Richard the Third, 450. Mr.
Oxenford's Tartuffe—Make the best of it, 362. Arline, 402.
Retired from Business, by Gerold, 568. Crown Diamond, 567.
Good Night and Pleasant Dreams, 615. John Dobbie, 692. Merry
Wives of Windsor: Mr. Hackett—Grimsbow, Bagshaw
and Bradshaw, 734. Son and Stranger, 743. Queen of a Day, 853.
Grandmother's Grizzle, 921. *Close of Season,* 1004. Charles II.—Ladies' Battle: Mrs. Stirling, 1236.
Two Bonnyes, 1238. *Begars' Opera,* 1759. Man of Law, 1319

Her Majesty's—172, 180. Lucia: Mlle. Duprez's début,
301. L'ile des Femmes, 302. Gustave: Mlle. Duprez, Mlle.
Duprez, 386. Mlle. Duprez's Amina, 412. La Muta di Portici:
Signor Pardini, Mlle. Monti, 412. Lucrezia Borgia: Mlle.
Aimée's début, 484. La Fuglia del Regimento—Le Tre Sorelle,
505. Madame Santuz, 504, 510. Fidiello: Mlle. Cruvelli,
Mr. Sims Reeves, 502. Norma: Mlle. Cruvelli, Mr. Sims Reeves,
505. Norma: Mlle. Cruvelli, 611. Il Prodigio: Mlle. Usalde,
M. Maselli, 612. *Change of Management.* Signor Salviati, 724. Mlle.
Alboni, 734—La Cenerentola, 775. Mlle. Cruvelli's Che-
rubino, 776. La Corbelle d'Orange, 810. Mlle. Barbieri-Nini's
début, 805. Quatre Femmes, 855. *Close of Subscription,* 853

Olympic—All that Glitters is not Gold, 89. Broken Vow,
226. The Old Captain Cutter, 302. Charles King, 332. Sir
Roger de Coverley, 450. Ladies' Battle, 508. Fast Coach, 612.
Mrs. Stirling's Adrienne Lecouvreur—Five Acres, 724. Miss H.
Faulstich, 750. Angelo, 833. A Night's Adventures, 833. I've
eaten my Friend, 891. Country Squire, 1001. Azeel, &c., 1095.
Miss Laura's Kitchen, 1100. Mlle. Mariotti, 1101. Mr. H.
Farren's shyness, 1212. Mr. Hoakins—Mrs. Lingham, 1319

Princes's—As You Like It: Mr. Wigan's Orlando, 171.
Love in a Maze, 273. Pauline, 322. The Alchemists, 450. Apart-
ments, 451. Duke's Wedding, 452. Mr. and Mrs. Keat's Benefit,
775. *Close of Season,* 1124. Merry Wives of Windsor—Henry the
Fourth—Tender Pleasures, 1558. Town and Country: Miss
Nasmyth, 1559. Mlle. Mariotti, 1560. *Close of Subscription,* 1553

Punch's Playhouse—Living in Glass Houses—The Exposit-
tion, 483. Taking the Census, 508. Kensington Gardens, 523.
Poor Relation, 612. Dearest Anna Maria—Godiva, 744. My
Wife's Future Husband, 811. Shot Tower, 853. Picture of Fun
—Hopless Passion, 1004. Alderman's Gown, 1076. Circum-
stantial Evidence, 1153. Fifth of November, 1212. Counter
Attractions, 1239

Richmond Theatre—Miss Herand's Juliet, 692—Julia, 811
Sadler's Wells—Fendal Times, 172. Fazio: Miss Glyn's
Bianca, 232, 642. Miss Glyn's Benefit, 307. Mr. Love's Perfor-
mances, 387. Miss Baddeley's and Miss Goddard's débuts, 429.
Opening of Season, 430. Mlle. Mariotti, 431. Mlle. Mariotti de
Ruip, 951. Timon of Athens, 1004. Secrets worth Knowing,
1001. Miss Fanny Vining, 1008. Ingotam, 1133. Mr. Robinson's
Claude Melnotte, 1175. Mlle. Mariotti, 1180. Mlle. Mariotti,
St. James's—Mrs. Keable's Readings, 362. French Plays:
La Bataille des Dames—Mlle. Scriverneack and M. Hyacinthe,
443. Mlle. Octave, 450. Mlle. Mariotti, 615. Mlle. Mariotti de
Belle Isle, 623. Valerius, 744. M. Bonafé, 833. Mr. Anderson, the
Conjuror, 433. M. Lemoine, 642. The Beldam, 933, 981, 1051

Survey—The Countess Tersen, 26
Mr. Macready's Farewell to the Stage, 251. Dinner, 275
Miss Glyn's Reading, 363, 357
Signor Bello, 612

Pantomimes and Burlesques, 1384
New Publications, &c.—George Sand's Claudio, 111.
—Molière, 806. Mlle. Lacroix and Mlle. Valeria, 276

Thibet, Tartary, and Mongolia, by H. T. Prinsep, 869
Thompson's Natural History of Ireland, Vols. I., II.,
III., 371
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burys on the Rhine, 2nd edit., 47

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zapfel, Vol. III., 54

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Ungewitter's Manual of Geography and History of

Europe, 379

Unitarianism, Vindication of, by J. Yates, 404

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by Browne, 110—Warwick Schoolships, 1293; Owens

College, Manchester, 84; Heywood and Wright's An-
cient Laws of King's College, Cambridge, and Eton Col-
lege, 136; Queen's College, Birmingham, Dr. Wansford'sDonation, 139; New College, St. John's Wood, 1075;
Scotch Universities, some considerations, by Black-Oxford Unmasked—University Reform, by E. A. Litton,
Pocock, 329; Cambridge, 502; Oxford, 329, 663; LondonUniversity Calendar, 708—Admission to Degrees, 302;
University Reform, by Kilgour, 749; Queen's Universityin Ireland, 1099; Ainsworth Scholarship—King's College
and Marischal College, Aberdeen, 1206

Urbino, Dukes of, by J. Dennistoun, 399

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et Censures, 390

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1017

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Correspondence with Mason, ed. by Mason, 483, 520, 548

Wanderer and his Home, by A. de Lamartine, 269

Ward's (Mrs.) Jasper Lily, 1020

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Warren's Letter on Convicts, 216

Waste Lands, Cultivation of, by Alison, 135

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Western Republic, by Cunningham, 575

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ling, 924

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445, 475

Wortley's (Lady E. S.) Travels in the U. States, 405

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Yates's Vindication of Unitarianism, 404

Yeats, a Problem, 428

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Letter to Cardinal Wiseman, in Answer to his 'Remarks on Lady Morgan's Statements regarding St. Peter's Chair.' By Sydney Lady Morgan. Westerton.

THE newly-revived doctrine that the earth is stationary—so great a favourite with certain Eminences in the land where the sea-serpent was last heard of—receives no countenance from the sayings and doings of Sydney Lady Morgan. The sun may be put out by ecclesiastical science like a farthing rushlight, and the earth arrested in its course like a reckless prodigal;—but the author of 'The Wild Irish Girl' will not be checked or changed by any such authority. Angry and threatening voices may call her to account; but if the tone displeases her, like a woman and a genius she will not hear,—or if the humour suits her, she will pay back "the muttered thunder" with increase. Into the merits of her present quarrel with the Cardinal we are not commissioned to intrude:—the matter at issue is too mysterious for our critical handling. But we may report the case as it stands between accused and accuser—curious in its own matter, and curious as showing the unquenched spirit and undiminished skill of fence of the lady—leaving her by their help to fight her own battles,—as she is very well able to do.

The story runs thus.—When Lady Morgan wrote her well-known book on Italy—now more years ago than we care to state—she therein described, among other things, no less a relic than the "Chair of St. Peter," itself,—illustrating her description with certain amusing anecdotes touching its past history. If her account be accepted as true, it is pretty clear that a grave and curious bit of scandal has long hung—ready, like the rock of Cashel, to fall at any moment—over the heads of numerous reverend signors. It has fallen, it seems, at last. We profess to be entirely unacquainted with the facts; but the authoress reported that when the French savans Denon, Champollion and others went into Italy with General Bonaparte they began to grope, as only savans will, into all sorts of antique remains,—which conduct, however much it might be open to the charge of irreverence, was, it seems, of some use to history and science. Among other articles of great curiosity, the enthroned chair contained in the magnificent shrine of bronze which closes the view of the nave of St. Peter's Cathedral was brought into a better light, and the cobwebs were removed; when a trace of curious letters was, it is said, discovered on the surface,—which letters, being copied and examined, were found by Champollion to be in the Cufic character and to contain the well-known Arabian formula—"There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" A strange confession of faith this, certainly, to be shrined in such a place! The Cardinal warmly disputes the fact,—alleging that the "sacred" chair has not been uncovered for three centuries:—a negative difficult to establish, one would suppose, by any satisfactory evidence. Lady Morgan now gives up her authority for the story.—

"My Lord, I thank you for the indulgence with which your Eminence offers me the benefit of this 'ignorant mistake,' (and never did the Church grant a more gratuitous one!) but I decline profiting by it. My 'foolish and wicked story of the chair' was no mistake—of mine at least. It was related to me and accepted in the most implicit faith, on the authority of two of the greatest travellers, Antiquarians, and Virtuosi of their age, who were of that illustrious corps of Savans, the friends and companions in peace, and the intellectual staff in war, of the Emperor Napoleon.—Denon and Champollion.

The night before our departure from Paris for Italy, on our first, last, and memorable visit, many distinguished—I may say illustrious—men were assembled in our drawing-room in the Rue de Helder. Every one was offering an opinion as to the objects most worthy of our notice,—when the Baron Denon, who, in one of the happiest phases of the most brilliant *raconteur* of his time, had been describing his visit to the Inquisition, when he accompanied Buonaparte into Spain, and when, satiated with the useful relics which that awful place revealed to his antiquarian curiosity, he fell asleep on the table of that terrible Hall of Council, where he actually passed the night,—then related the anecdote of the discovery of the Chair of St. Peter, adding, 'The inscription was in a cufic character, that puzzled even Champollion and the most learned Arabic scholars of the Institut.' And thus, 'I told the tale as it was told me,' carelessly and fearlessly, which has drawn down on my work the anathema of your Eminence's 'Remarks on Lady Morgan's Statements regarding St. Peter's Chair.' In defence of the sacrilegious French, I have nothing to say. They showed as little delicacy towards the Sagro Cateno, the most sacred relic of the Church of San Lorenzo, of Genoa, as they did to the Chair of St. Peter. Till the arrival of those meddling Savans, *qui se mêloient de tout*, the Sagro Cateno had passed for a dish made 'of one entire and perfect emerald,' which had served at the Last Supper, and was forbidden to human touch. The French first asserted it had been part of the spoil taken by the Crusaders at Caesarea, in the twelfth century; but when it was carried to Paris, and presented to the Institut, being subjected to the test of scientific scrutiny, it proved to be a piece of green glass,—a pious fraud which had escaped the discovery of ages."

Now, between MM. Champollion and Denon and Cardinal Wiseman on a question of fact many will refuse to hesitate. Lady Morgan quotes the Baron Denon's own words; and there is at any rate no reason for the coarse and intemperate terms applied to her—"false, foolish, slanderous, and profligate"—by her prelatial opponent. But her own wit and railery are sufficient for her own defence. We will quote the Cardinal's account of the relic, with Lady Morgan's observations, arranged, as in the text, between brackets, and otherwise.—

"A superb shrine of bronze, supported by four gigantic figures of the same materials, representing four Doctors [in bronze] of the Church, closes the view of the nave of St. Peter's Church, and cannot have failed to attract the attention of my readers. The shrine is in the form of a throne, and contains a chair, which the Prince of the Apostles is supposed to have occupied as Bishop of Rome. It is a tradition, certainly of great antiquity, that St. Peter was received in the house of the Senator Pudens, and there laid the foundation of the Roman Church [in the house?]. For this curious fact your Grace refers us to 'The Acts of St. Pudentiana.' For this greatest of all human events, the less learned Christians would refer to 'The Acts of the Apostles.' It is probable that from this fair and earliest saint of the Christian Church your Eminence may have borrowed the consecrated name of your adoption. St. Pudentiana and her sister St. Prassida were the daughters of the Senator Pudens; and haply, in the early vocation of your poetical piety, while wandering through the deep valley which separates the Esquiline Hill from the vineyards of the Viminal, you may have been struck with the beauty of the Church of St. Pudens and St. Pudentiana, raised upon the site of the Roman Senator's house, the tessellated pavement of which now forms the flooring of the lateral aisles. The picture of the fair saint and her sister Prassida (who is represented squeezing the blood of a martyr from a sponge) may have captivated your Celtic imagination; and as you knelt at her altar, you may have vowed, that should you ever be raised to the rank of the 'Cardinaline,' by the divine mercy of the Church of Rome, it should be by the style and title of St. Pudentiana. Woman, my Lord Cardinal, has always been helpful and influential in the Church; from St. Pudentiana ministering to the Prince of the Apostles, and the

pious and magnificent Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, the ally of Gregory the Great, and the foundress of his power through her wealth and munificence, down to a recent convert of the active mission of the Propaganda in Pagan regions—the Bégum, Sombre. The funeral sermon of this princess was preached by your Eminence, when a bishop, with an earnest eloquence, which recalled the *Eloges Funèbres* of the Bossuets and Massillons, over the biers of the La Vallières and other fair penitents of the Court of Louis XIV. The Romans still talked, up to the time of Pio Nono's flight, (when they had something else to think about,) of the magnificent Catafalque, sixty feet in height, reared in the Church of San Carlo della Valle; of the statue of Religion which stood at its head; and of the commanding figure of your Eminence, who stood at its base, arrayed in your episcopal robes. You made no allusion to the past tenour of the life of this ex-Bayadère and recent sovereign of one of the richest principalities in India. The wealthy Magdalen found favour in the Church's eyes, and 'her sins were forgiven her; for she loved much,' and made large oblations."

For the purpose of showing that the chair is of Roman—not Saracenic—origin, Dr. Wiseman gives a long description of it, on which his countrywoman has a word or two to say.—

"Such, my Lord Cardinal, are your *proofs* of the Augustan age of the relic; and the details, picturesque and minute, gorgeous and elaborate, would do honour to the inventories of a Mabillon, or a Montfaucon, a Walpole or a George Robins,—all great writers in their several ways on similar subjects. Your description, however, though eloquent, is not original; for it is taken textually, literally, from a work which now lies before me upon my library table. It is an old-fashioned Latin work by one who, like yourself, was a Prince of the Church, Cardinal GREGORIO CORTESE, and it bears the quaint title, 'Of the Journey of the Prince of the Apostles to Rome, and of his doings there!' Perhaps I shall better bring it to your recollection by giving the title as it stands:—

GREGORIO CORTESE,
S. R. E. CARDINALIS
DE ROMANO ITINERE
GESTIQUE
PRINCIPIS APOSTOLORUM,
LIBRI DUO.

But is it *probable*, my Lord, that St. Peter, the humble fisherman of Galilee, permitted himself to be seated or carried in this gorgeous chair, on the shoulders of slaves, as his successor Pio Nono does at this day?—he who had so recently heard his Divine Master declare that 'foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head,'—he, to whose Eastern habits such a chair must have been repugnant! who had taught, not *ex cathedra*, but, like the Master he served, walking or reclining on the lap of earth? The day was then far off, some three centuries, when the 'servants of the servant of God' should repose in chairs of state, or mount thrones of ivory and gold. They had not as yet turned the judicial Basilicas of Pagan Rome into the gorgeous temples of public worship. If they sat upon a raised seat, it was a stone concealed in the catacombs or in caverns, as their perilous position dictated. The early Christians, the humble reformers of 'cultes' Pagan or Jewish, which had no longer served the purposes to which they had been destined, though still supported by the 'Church' of Jupiter, and the 'State' of the Cæsars, were the secret societies of those times of transition. Their Divine Philosophy was deemed treasonable and sacrilegious; and if Pudens, the Christian senator, gave St. Peter a chair to teach from, it was more likely to be one of stone (like that in the Church of St. Peter at Venice), than a chair of ivory and gold, carried on the shoulders of his fellow-creatures."

Every tale, it is said, has an origin; and the Cardinal, not knowing, at the time, of the Denon-Champollion explanation, felt bound to establish the foundation for the scandal "against the ivory throne of the Vatican." The reader shall judge with what subtlety and success.—

"In the Church of St. Peter at Venice, which was the Patriarchal Church till 1807, has long been preserved a chair of stone, called by the people the

Chair of St. Peter. It is not upon any altar, but stands against the wall, between the second and third altars. In 1749, Flaminio Cornaro, or Cornelius, published his '*Ecclesie Venetæ Antiqua Monumenta*.' In the second volume, page 194, is an engraving of this monument, accompanying his description of it. The history which he gives is the same as is recorded upon a tablet over the chair,—that it was given by the Emperor Michael to the Doge, Peter Grandonius, in 1310. The back of the chair was, however, adorned with a rich effigy inscription, and Cornaro desired the learned Jos. Assemani to decipher it for his work. It is useless to attempt to account for, or excuse the erroneous interpretation which he gave. One thing is evident, that he did not wish by it to encourage any deceit. The writing contained, according to his reading, several portions of the second Psalm; and among them the words, 'The Work of Abdalla, the servant of God,'—and, 'Antioch, the city of God.' The learned Orientalist Horberg, in the main, confirmed this explanation. Upon the calculations which Assemani made in consequence of this inscription, Cornaro came to the following conclusion regarding the date of the monument. This chair, therefore, was constructed in the eighth century; nor assuredly was it ever used by the Prince of the Apostles, nor by any of his successors, in the See of Antioch, before the year 742. Here then is laid open the origin of Lady Morgan's foolish and wicked tale."

Truly, this seems to our laical judgments very much like robbing Peter of Venice to pay Peter of Rome. But we suppose there is no remedy for the "stone of Venice"—unless, perchance, it may get its revenge in Mr. Ruskin's coming work.

With the polemics of the question we have, as we have said, no concern; but we may confess to a little antiquarian and historical interest in it. If the Cardinal is right, it would not, we should imagine, be very difficult for him to induce the proper authorities to give the cobwebs another brush. The armies of the second Bonaparte are encamped around the Vatican,—and there are many English and Americans in Rome on whose report the public at home would be content to rest its verdict.

Having disposed of the particular challenge which has summoned her once more to don her glittering armour, and enter after long repose into the tilting field,—Lady Morgan takes the opportunity of being there to execute certain manœuvres on her own suggestion. When conjurors, clerical or other, summon up a spirit like Lady Morgan, they must make up their minds to hear what it has to say. Thus, Lady Morgan takes the occasion of her present appearance to offer Cardinal Wiseman some very good advice:—which, however, the Archbishop of Westminster will, we dare say, not care to follow.—

"My Lord, in an age like this, there is no standing still, nor going backward. The world will neither stop nor retrograde. The spirit of movement, instinct in man in all times, which led Israel with her great Reformer to abandon the 'feshpots of Egypt,' and risk the privations of the Wilderness; the spirit which made Catholic England and monastic Ireland anti-Papal for ages, when the power of Papacy was greatest; the spirit which armed the always restive Gallican Church, and called forth wit and philosophy from monastic seclusion, to enlighten and delight the world by '*Les Lettres Provinciales*,' against the Bull Unigenitus; though kings and their concubines allied themselves with popes and prelates for its support;—that spirit glows more brightly than ever, throughout enlightened Europe. For the sole of the foot of ignorant bigotry there is no longer a resting-place; but there is a highway open, my lord, for enterprising Genius and earnest and honest intentions, which your Eminence might tread with a glory, to satisfy even your vaulting ambition without the risk of its overlapping itself. Could you but consent 'for the nonce' to leave behind you 'your consecrated chairs and immovable tables,' the

fittest furniture for catacombs and caverns,—to leave your fallible Pope under the protection of 12,000 French bayonets, 25,000 grim Austrians, and his faithful motley *Garde du Corps* of Swiss supernumeraries: (types of Rome's ancient barbarian invaders, the Gauls and Teutons:)—would you but turn your steps to the beautiful land of your race, Ireland!—there, my Lord, there is much to do, that might be best done, by one who, like yourself, shares the religion and the idiosyncrasy of the people. Remember that all the great reformers of Christian times were reared in the cloister or issued from the church. Savonarola, the apostle of religious and patriotic independence in Italy; Wickliffe in England; Luther in Germany; and Father Mathew in Ireland! who improved upon the partial restrictions of St. Patrick himself, and effected a Reform, once deemed impossible by Church or State,—the Reform of Temperance! boldly appealing from Ireland drunk to Ireland sober, in testimony of her undisguised excellence. Here, my Lord, your presence is an anomaly! A few years back, under the penal enactments of the times, it would have been according to the authority of the greatest lawyers of the day—High Treason! Your very appearance in your picturesque costume, imposed by the *mise en scène* of a Church the most pictorial of all others, is even now—a Misdemeanour! Your See of Westminster is

"A sound signifying nothing!"

and the magniloquent titles bestowed upon you, through 'the divine mercies of Rome,' are only available in England in the private circles of your own Flock, where kneeling ladies kiss your extended hand, reversing all laws of the courtesy of nations. But in Ireland, a legitimate and noble mission is open to you. There, as Doctor Wiseman, Doctor of Divinity, the learned, pious, and accomplished dignitary of the ancient and now flourishing Church of seven millions of Irish Catholics, you might replace the vulgar and perverting oratory of the Priest-Tribunes of the day, who inflame the passions of their followers with those coarse but kindling appeals which come

"Warm from the bog and faithful to its fires."

and by substituting your own polished eloquence and profound reasoning powers, you might and could dispel the dark ignorance of the lower classes—source of their crimes, as of their prostration to the influence of men, who inculcate no peace from the pulpit, and send no penitent from the Confessional! to accuse crime or reveal conspiracy! **

"In Ireland, my Lord, all parties and sects will welcome your advent; and you may do more good for your own country than all the *Cardinali Protettori* of the sacred college ever effected, for the nations they have represented, for centuries. You may open the book of Universal History to the Catholic youth of all classes of the land, who will eagerly group around a distinguished Pastor of their own faith,—they will learn patiently from you, to compare wretched Ireland as of old—the gift of a Pope whom she did not then acknowledge as her master, to a foreign invader whom she considered as her insolent foe;—you may show them Ireland, during successive ages of a barbarous despotism, quailing and suffering under the Catholic sway of the Houses of Plantagenet, of York, of Lancaster, of Tudor, and of Stuart,—all alike oppressive and extortionate through their delegated representatives, who, from the De Lacys, to the Straffords, lashed them into those rebellions, for the purposes of forfeiture which originated the penal statutes of a Protestant legislation;—you may bid them

Look upon that picture, then on this!

The picture of their present happy and dignified condition, partaking of all the blessings of a free and constitutional government, without one of the humiliating restrictions which still keep Nobles slaves in Russia, and dependents in Austria! Recall to them that they are now, as an integral part of the greatest Empire in the world, participating in all its lofty distinctions, and enjoying all the advantages of civil, religious, and political liberty,—without one fragment of a cruel and despotic penal code, remaining, to impede them in their great career of honour, and ambition; or of the respectable pursuits of honest industry. * * Still more, you could teach them, my Lord, as a matter of taste, as well as of truth, to reject with contempt the proffered ignorance of the Synods

of Thurles and the Schools of Tuam. Teach them, fearlessly, that the sun does not move, nor the world stand still, whatever the most Right Reverend of Astronomers—who has recently measured the man's disk with the precision of a mercer measuring silk—may assert to the contrary! Encourage them to profit by those noble and bountiful Institutions, established without reference to creed, sect, or class, which their enlightened Sovereign, and her lettered and liberal Government have opened for their reception and benefit, in common with their Protestant and Dissenting compatriots. Tell them that these Seminaries are not 'Godless'; for the book of knowledge is God's own book! disclosing to man the laws as well as the glories of his Creation."

The lovers of our old English style of pamphleteering—that style of which Swift and Junius were the masters, and are now the monuments,—will not regret the half-hour or so required for reading Lady Morgan's 'Letter.'

Commercial Statistics. By John Macgregor, Esq. M.P. Vol. V. Whittaker.

This appears to be the concluding volume of a work which has attracted no inconsiderable share of attention during its progress through a twofold species of publication. We are quite unable to explain the nature of the understanding between Mr. Macgregor and the Queen's Printer, but it certainly is the fact that in the appearance of the present and the preceding volumes of this work the public have enjoyed the advantage of procuring them in two very different shapes,—either as State Papers, at the almost nominal price and in the ponderous form peculiar to that kind of literature, or in the more expensive and on the whole scarcely improved octavos issued across Mr. Whittaker's counter. We apprehend that this is a style of publication which has at least the merit of being new; and we can only hope that it may have been as satisfactory to all concerned as it has assuredly been singular.

To say that in his '*Commercial Statistics*' Mr. Macgregor has not collected together an almost incredible mass of opinions and facts, would be simply untrue:—to say that he has written a great work, would be a statement quite as indefensible. Mr. Macgregor's books will teach those who diligently explore them something useful and something precise respecting almost every country in the world which maintains a custom-house however barbarous, or cultivates a commerce however small. In a great number of cases information is furnished by them not to be found in any other accessible collection; and very frequently an agreeable surprise is occasioned in the reader by discovering that in some particular chapter the process of compilation has been interrupted by the labours of an intelligent disquisitionist. These, however, are rare departures from the general rule; and in the earlier volumes it can scarcely be said that more was attempted than a simple reprint of certain official papers familiar to Mr. Macgregor in the routine of his duties at the Board of Trade. The subsequent volumes became more ambitious; and it is undeniable that, in the volumes on Russia, the United States, the West Indies, and in some others of the series, deeply imbedded in a stout crust of the merest rubbish, essays are to be found distinguished by a rare faculty of analysis and generalization.

But after making every possible allowance for what has been done, we cannot, we repeat, permit ourselves to say that this elaborate work is entitled to higher praise or to assume a higher rank than may be fairly conceded to a huge feat of compilation. In many of the volumes the compilation has been indiscriminate,—a mere sweeping together of whatever came first to hand and had the faintest reference to the particular topic under review. In other parts, the duties of a

compiler is especially volume has been it is new and altho Macgregor the blurb remain and fab many of no resou trust man highest In con an exact labours. too near admit Perhaps the volu in that notable Anecdote two, Mr. figured had arr that can Statistic hensive still pr fractions cure a the emi title-pa

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compiler are well and carefully performed. This is especially true of several chapters in the volume on the United States. Where so much has been hastily and superficially put together, it is inevitable that there should be many errors; and although, perhaps, of all men living Mr. Macgregor is the most competent to correct the blunders of his own books, it will always remain a reproach against him that accuracy and fable are so completely intermingled in many of his pages that to scrupulous persons no resource is left but to include in their distrust many portions of the work perhaps in the highest degree authentic.

In commercial literature it is not easy to find an exact parallel to Mr. Macgregor's prodigious labours. Mr. McCulloch has raised compilation too nearly to the dignity of an original art to admit of being referred to for an illustration. Perhaps the closest precedent that we have to the volumes of Mr. Macgregor may be found in that vast and heterogeneous jumble of things notable and silly known as Nicholls's 'Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century.' Of the two, Mr. Macgregor's volumes are the least disfigured by unpardonable faults, by prolixity and bad arrangement; but in spite of everything that can be said in praise of the 'Commercial Statistics' as a laborious, useful, and comprehensive collection of facts and data, we must still pronounce it to be a work full of imperfections from first to last, and not likely to procure a lasting or distinguished reputation for the eminent person whose name appears on the title-page.

Egeria; or, the Spirit of Nature, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay. Bogue.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said about want of poetic appreciation in the present day, the author of these poems is one who maintains the existence of both taste and genius alike in the age and in its tendencies. In an introduction to his volume, he has given "the reasons for the faith that is in" him,—and in his practice he has furnished frequent illustrations of its results. Dr. Mackay is one of the most laborious and successful of our metricists,—and many of his books have gained a wide circulation. Apart from his merit as a poet, this fact claims attention.

The theory of Dr. Mackay is, that the themes of poetry are universal,—and that the sphere of its application has been often injuriously limited. According to him, poetry is a fine spirit that permeates and pervades all arguments of human thought and action, and with a loving-kindness as liberal as the air or the light penetrates and animates the commonest of them all with an inner beauty capable of recognition by the mind willing to perceive it. The mightier poets of all nations have, indeed, at all times wedded poetry and philosophy; and a highly moral or national purpose prompted, inspired and sustained their labours. But there are topics less abstract and general in their interests—appealing individually to the feelings and business of those human units whose aggregate composes the public—which have been overlooked in the loftier aims of the philosophical poets. The common routine and history of daily life,—the social state of this or that people, past or present,—the special phases of political principles,—the progress of the race,—the condition of the poor and labouring,—the hopes and fears and troubles of the humble yet aspiring,—in a word, whatever relates to man in his ordinary nature and conduct when a little touched with thought and a little awakened to feeling,—these present a wide arena where, though sometimes the scene of strife and confusion, the Muses may, Dr.

Mackay thinks, lawfully appear and play their part.

Collins, in his 'Ode on the Poetical Character,' took a different view of poetical creation when he said—

The dangerous passions keep aloof,
Far from the sacred growing woof:—

and, among the specialties that we have above indicated, the two subjects of Politics and Science have been for the most part eschewed by singers in general. Dr. Mackay is one of the few who have considered the themes of the former eligible for the Muse's handling. It is to the latter subject, however, that his present poem and its prose introduction are devoted.—But, we will let Dr. Mackay speak for himself.—

"The poet, too commonly by his own consent, has been tethered with a critical string. Criticism has said to him, 'You shall not touch upon religion; that is not within your province. You shall not meddle with politics; they are alien to you. You shall not travel into the regions of science; for science and poetry are antagonistic. You may listen to the birds singing, the streams flowing, or the sea roaring; you may make love verses, or write pastorals; you may be passionate or musical, or merry, or melancholy, if you will. All you have to do is to amuse us, and leave serious subjects alone.' Dr. Johnson, in his 'Life of Akenside,' informs us, that 'with the philosophical or religious tenets of the author he had nothing to do; his business was with his poetry.' And this he said, although his poetry could not be properly considered without the politics and religion which gave it a colour. Again, in his 'Life of Dr. Watts,' he hinted, what is known to have been his belief, that good poetry could not be written upon a religious topic. 'It is sufficient for Watts,' said he, 'to have done better than others, what no man has done well.' To introduce politics into poetry is thought to be wrong by many critics, who would think you injured them if you questioned their acuteness. 'The union of politics with poetry,' say they, 'is always hurtful to the politics and fatal to the poetry.' In fact, they consider it unpardonable to wed them together; or even to let the smallest love passage take place betwixt them; 'as if,' say the objectors, 'we have not politics enough in the newspapers, in public places, at the very corners of the streets.' And they say right, if their idea of poetry be right; but not right for those who have notions more exalted and sympathies more extended. These objectors confound politics with party, which is a mistake; and they think poetry destined for mere amusement, which is another. They do not think that there are politics far better than any parties that ever were formed; and that the amusement found in poetry is a mere accident—an extrinsic adornment only,—that its object is to teach, exalt, and refine; to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope; to show the abundant and overflowing blessings of familiar things—the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of nature."

So much on the general subject:—to which Dr. Mackay adds a confutation of the notion that "Poetry and Science are two rival and hostile powers." He does not agree with Campbell, when that poet sings!—

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

"Poetry," says Dr. Mackay, in answer to such objections,—

"may and must treat of the truths of science, wherever it suits its purpose to do so, or it abdicates a portion of its prerogative. This it can do without allusion to technicalities and trivialities, such as those which so offend us in the writings of Darwin. As for the solitary stanza of Campbell, no true poet will take it for his guide. No man knew better than Campbell that science was the nursing mother of poetry, who showed it whither to fly, and to what glorious regions to turn in search of new inspiration. In spite of his authority in this stanza, great as many will consider it, we, in our day, must acknowledge

that the withdrawal by science of the veil from creation's face, though it may deprive fancy of some flagrant adornments, robs imagination of nothing * * The comet careering through the heavens does not cease to impress the mind with its grandeur and its mystery, because it is no longer thought to scatter war and pestilence from its 'horrid hair.' * * The sun is not less poetical as the centre of a vast system, than as a mere adjunct to the earth, set in the heavens to give her light, and to form the succession of her seasons. The planets are not less the 'poetry of heaven' because astrology is defunct. * * The stars, scattered in such seeming confusion over space, are not the less poetical because we, by the aid of science, have discovered order amidst apparent disorder, because we have grasped the majestic secret of gravitation, and beheld the simplicity and the universality of the law, which upholds and regulates them, in all the complication of their harmony. The Milky Way, as resolved into suns, systems, and firmaments, by the telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse, does not the less impress us with awe and adoration, because it is no longer a faint light in the heavens, but a congregation of innumerable worlds. The nebula in Orion, that white fleecy cloud on the far verge of space, does not become unpoetical when we know that it is a universe; nor do we look upon that great constellation of Orion itself with less prostration of our feeble powers. * * Because science teaches us that our sun and all its train of planets are moving towards one of its stars; and that, in this mystic development, the 6,000 years of recorded history multiplied by 6,000, and that product multiplied by itself, are but the fragment of a cycle, and the morning of a day."

"Egeria," as our poet interprets the name, signifies the universal presence of the poetic spirit,—and his poem describes the process by which its revelation may be accomplished. It is the story of a Mind. Misanthropy had disgusted Julian with the world, but not deprived him of his friend Montague,—to whose sister he is, notwithstanding his gloomy views of Nature and Man, betrothed. The latter counsels him to abandon the reformation of others and undertake his own, by seeking the Soul of Nature, or Egeria, in her secret haunts,—and, like another Numa, to prove that

Dreams grow realities to earnest men.

The following passage introduces us to the scene of the Spirit's presence.—

Deep in the shade of high o'er-arching trees,
Birches and beeches, clus and knotted oaks,
A fountain murmured with a pleasant sound.
Not often through those thick umbrageous leaves
Pierced the full glory of the noon-day sun;
Not often through those pendulous branches hang
Glittered the mellow radiance of the moon.
A cool dim twilight, with perpetual haze,
Crept through the intricate byways of the wood,
And hung like vapour on the ancient trees;
The place was musical with sweetest sounds,
The fountain sang a soft monotonous song;
The leaves and branches rustled to the wind
With whispered melody; the waving grass
Answered the whisper in a softer tone;
While morn and eve, the midnight and the noon,
Were listeners to the rapturous minstrelsy
Of lark and linnet, nightingale and thrush,
And all the feathered people of the boughs.
In this calm nook, secluded from the world,
The marble statue of a nymph antique
Stood in the shadow: radiant were her limbs
With modesty; her up-turned face was bright
With mental glory and serene repose;
The full round arm and figure to the midst,
Displayed the charm of chastest nudity;
A flowing drapery round her lower limbs,
In ample folds concealed the loveliness,
The majesty and glory of the form.
One hand was raised and pointed to the stars,
The other, resting on her snow-white breast,
Seemed as it felt the pulsing of her heart;
She stood the symbol of enraptured thought
And holy musing. At her feet an urn
Poured in a marble fount a constant stream
Of limpid water; sacred seemed the place
To philosophic and religious calm;
The very wind that stirred the upper boughs
Seemed as attuned to choral harmonies.
Upon the pedestal these words inscribed,
In Grecian character revealed her name:
"Egeria,—he who seeks her here, shall find;
"Love be his light, and purity his guide."

Hither come Julian and his friend. The former is charmed into repose,—and, while he sleeps, he dreams. In vision, the statue ap-

pears to descend from its pedestal,—and, at his request, undertakes his instruction and direction. Thus, Egeria discloses to him the scientific fact that everything lives, nay, is intelligent:—

The very grass that nestled in the shade
Knew it existed, and enjoyed its life.

Next, she shows him that Contentment is the law of this subtle and intelligent vitality, and that all the creatures possessing it yield to death. Question is made of the stars,—Do they, too, perish? It is answered in the affirmative,—accompanied with a denial that death and pain are evils.

The further action of the poem shows Montague, Julian, and his Bride in a boat on a lake. The Misanthropist has already disappeared,—and the Lover only is now manifested in Julian's state of sentiment. He is the more easily induced to accept the ideals which his friend offers to his contemplation. Nevertheless, it is not without a struggle that Julian is guided onward and upward. The following apologue, spoken by the lady, is supposed to effect his thorough conversion.—

"In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass:
'Where have I fallen—to what base region come?'
Exclaimed the one. 'The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from altitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers and its woods,
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;
But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah, me! most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate.'
And thus the acorn made its daily mean,
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it blew.
All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noon-day sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.
It sank into the bosom of the soil!
The burning life, enclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,
It grew in beauty and in usefulness.
Until its large circumference enclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood:—
Its sister acorn perished in its pride."

Thus taught by the Beloved, belief in "the beautiful Egeria of his dreams" grows and perfects itself in the soul of Julian. "For me," he now exclaims,—

For me she lives and moves—for me she speaks—
For me she sings celestial melodies.
It wants but effort of the active mind
To people Earth and Heaven with ministering sprites.
The young Aurora, with her rosy cheeks,
Sits, as of yore, at portals of the morn;
And thoughtful Hesper, with her starry eyes,
Looks, as in olden time, from day to night,
And makes both beautiful. Still in each oak,
As poets feigned, the Hamadryads dwell,
And whisper music from the rustling leaves.
Still on the mountain slopes the Græce roam,
And course the fleeting shadows of the clouds.
Still on the beach of the sonorous main
The youthful Nereids sport the live-long day,
Or dance by moonlight, when the tide at ebb
Leaves on the sands a circle wide enough
To form the flexible chain of linking hands,
And feet sequential to the harmony
Pealed by the invisible minstrels of the deep.
Still every fountain, every rill and stream,
Possesses in its cool translucent breast
A guardian spirit, who can talk and sing,
And utter oracles to thoughtful men.
The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams
Outlive their dreamers, and are ours for aye.

No thought once formed and uttered can expire.
The lovely shapes that olden fancy drew
Are still the comrades of unworried men,
And palpable to sight. All life decays,
And Death transforms it into never life
With other features—but Eternal Thought
Defies decay. Egeria is as young
To thee and me, as in the ancient time,
When she appeared to Numa in the grove
And taught him wisdom; on her open brow
Three thousand years have striven in vain to leave
The slightest wrinkle. As she was, she is.

These lines are remarkable for their music and beauty:—as didactic poetry, indeed, the passage is of rare merit.

We will not cite the eloquent passages in which Julian expresses his ultimate convictions;—these summings-up of the argument will be more relished in their proper places than in separate extracts. Suffice it to say, that at length Julian becomes entranced on a mountain-top, and in his ecstasy sees visions

Of the world that was, that is,
And shall be in the fulness of the time.

We have extracted sufficient from this poem to inform the reader of the science and the poetry involved in it. The work is Dr. Mackay's best. It manifests powers of no ordinary kind,—mental endowments and moral feelings capable of sustaining the poetic character at no common elevation. It is true, the argument is little more than sketched in;—but there is enough in what is done to show what, with more leisure, the poet might have elaborated in this way.

The poem of 'Egeria' is succeeded by several lyrical compositions,—many of which have previously appeared. In this kind of writing, Dr. Mackay has long been popular. His subjects are taken from domestic life, or deal with social questions,—and have, therefore, a practical interest, which is further recommended by his musical and carefully polished verse. Dr. Mackay is emphatically in these pieces a singer,—and is sometimes content with that in place of any loftier poetic character.

Macchiavelli, Montesquieu, and Rousseau. By Jacob Venedey. Berlin, Duncker; London, Williams & Norgate.

THE end of the Parliament of Frankfurt, and the failure of its assembled neophytes in politics—most of them men of the closet—in the attempt to improvise a "German Empire," are now matters of history. The disappointment of its members has shown itself in various forms. One, not the least distinguished (Gervinus), sought comfort for himself and a tonic for his countrymen in some able essays on Shakspeare. This turn of the Professor's mind finds no favour in the eyes of Herr Venedey. Not that a book is not a natural and a wholesome relief to the sorrows of German patriotism. But it should be a book, he thinks, on some topic germane to its regrets and its aspirations. Herr Venedey, accordingly—himself an ex-member—takes up the pen to solace himself with questions of government. In the modern History of Europe, he discerns three cardinal systems; and these absolutely represented, if not founded, by three celebrated writers. These, therefore, are called in succession to account for their respective principles. Macchiavelli, as the teacher of Despotism; Montesquieu, as advocate of Constitutional Monarchy; Rousseau, as the author of new Democracy, with its "sacred watchwords," "Liberty and Equality."

The treatment of these three witnesses, no less than the space allotted to their examination, is proportioned in each case to the judge's regard for the systems with which they are severally identified. Macchiavelli is sharply questioned on a few striking points of offence, and then briefly dismissed, with a brand on his forehead. Montesquieu, respectfully heard, is honoured with a more careful scrutiny of his

writings; the final sentence being, that his intentions were good and his merits not inconsiderable, but that his views of political science are on the whole narrow, and his conclusions partial and illogical. To Rousseau, as the object of warmer sympathies, a whole volume is given; in which the judge becomes the advocate. It is, in fact, a minute and laboured vindication—or rather eulogy—of the personal character and conduct, as well as of the works, of the "Citizen of Geneva,"—such as certainly has never until now been attempted, and probably will hardly be repeated in future by any unprejudiced writer.

The book is consequently far from being uniform in its tenor or its merit. It is composed throughout in a style more emphatic than elegant, with a certain colloquial smartness that savours of the newspaper; and shows much ingenuity, and some just and original thought, with very little reading. Macchiavelli and Montesquieu are examined with scarcely any light but such as their own pages supply: the great Italian even—a late acquaintance, it seems, of Venedey's—he knows merely through a French translation. It is only in favour of Jean Jacques that some extra diligence is shown in getting up the case with the aid of cotemporary documents. Yet in the volume devoted to the two older writers will be found whatever claim the work may have to a lasting reputation. Here, the author's strong predispositions only sharpen his method of dissection, without urging him to pervert admitted facts, tempting him to palter with avowed principles, or leading to obvious self-contradiction. On his descent in the second volume from the censor to the partisan, the quality of the work declines at least in equal proportion. From judgments which, though severe, seldom lose sight of equity, he runs into glosses and excuses that often betray an unfair bias:—and in place of conclusions large and bold enough, but not ill sustained by their premises, we have too many exercises of a dubious kind of ingenuity, and assumptions, on frivolous or conjectural grounds, which most disfigure those parts of the second volume that treat of Rousseau's personal character and of his childish and incessant quarrels.

Macchiavelli is cited, we have said, as the exponent of modern European despotism, which is thus charged with all the odium rightly due to the evil maxims of 'The Prince.' This palpable injustice need not be exposed in detail. No attempt, indeed, is made in the Essay to prove the complicity which Venedey has assumed; so that it may be put aside as a device *ad captandam*, not very likely to deceive those who are fit to judge of the matter in question. On the one hand, Macchiavelli's treatise is so thoroughly exceptional, that its very purport is to this day a subject of dispute; on the other, it is notorious that the worst absolute monarchies of Europe have long been so far restrained by public opinion as to render the practice of the most hateful doctrines of 'The Prince' impossible,—supposing, even, the desire to follow them.

Apart from this untenable assumption, we apprehend that the result of Macchiavelli's trial, on his own showing and merits solely, will be found substantially just. We agree with the author in rejecting the notion that 'The Prince' was meant to aid liberty by laying bare the hideous nature of unlimited power. We think him equally right in finding its sufficient motive in the desire of the exiled republican "to obtain some new employment, to arrive once more at office and distinction, to get a lucrative post of some kind." Both these positions are well made out by a keen dissection of the book itself, confronted with the private history and letters of Macchiavelli; and reasonable grounds are shown for regarding the system branded with his name

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as a mere reflex, somewhat exaggerated and coloured (as attempts at rigorous methodizing are apt to be), of the vulpine morals and wolfish practices that prevailed in Macchiavelli's time among corrupt, cruel, and treacherous men who played the game of ambition for selfish ends in the depraved and disunited world of Italian politics,—whether in so-called republics, or in the shifting “tyrannies” of the age. This view of the case removes a part of the difficulty found in trying to reconcile the doctrines of ‘The Prince’ with the “republican” spirit of the ‘Discorsi.’ Macchiavelli most probably was always a republican at heart, so far as he saw any hope of his own fortunes under such a constitution as bore that name in Florence or elsewhere. But that his idea of liberty was ever of that kind which presupposes moral purity, regard for truth and justice, and a sacrifice of personal to public ends,—that his Commonwealth was such as good men have desired for the sake of their fellows more than for their own,—may be confidently denied. Beneath his eulogies of free States and his pleas for resistance to tyranny, may clearly be traced an under-current of tendencies visible enough in certain classes of “liberals” in our own day; whose notion of freedom, where it is not formed of the mere negation of all outward control, gives no place to those sober virtues without which Liberty, grown licentious, can lead to nothing but a sensual anarchy—fatal to any condition of social progress or permanence.

We agree with Venedey in thinking the depth of Macchiavelli as a statesman much overrated;—that he saw rapidly and acutely through such objects as lay nearest to his eye; but that he was quite wanting in that long vision and profound insight with which the truly wise penetrate in action beyond secondary causes into the ruling motives of coming events, or arrive in thought at the ultimate principles of civil prudence. This estimate is well illustrated by a comparison of the results with the predictions in Macchiavelli's own embassies, of which the documents are still extant. We see him dexterous in suggesting expedients, and in divining petty motives and influences; but in all important points he is for ever contradicted by the event. Of such results some well-chosen examples will be found in the two legations, to Paris and to the Emperor,—which are discussed by Venedey with great skill and decisive effect. The entire Essay, indeed, deserves an attentive study; it is pointed, forcible, and entertaining; and excepting a few exaggerations and some errors on incidental topics (which we cannot stay to point out), may be altogether praised as a considerable aid to the better knowledge of a writer much oftener named than understood.

The examination of Montesquieu goes throughout all his writings, from the ‘Lettres Persanes’ down to the Apologies for the ‘Esprit des Lois.’ Here, again, we have to reject an identification of the principles of that work with our modern constitutional monarchies, which may account for a certain tone of captiousness in the critic's endeavours to show its inconsistencies and short-comings;—while professing all the respect due to the nobility of mind and steadfast regard for truth, justice, and humanity which cannot be denied to the great French publicist. To follow the criticism in detail is, of course, impossible here. It must suffice to pause awhile on the celebrated cardinal positions of the ‘Esprit des Lois’ on the several ruling principles of Despotism, Monarchy, and Republicanism:—as to which we agree in the main with Venedey's correction. It is briefly to the effect, that Virtue in the governing power is the indis-

pensable sustaining force, not of republics only, but of all kinds of governments whatever. Where this is suspended, the State totters; where it ceases to exist, ruin inevitably follows. The difference between different constitutions, therefore, lies, not in a distinction of principles, Fear, Honour, or Virtue, as respectively supporting each,—but in the elements, more or less narrow or extensive, of the active ruling power, which in all must live by the same vital energy. In despotisms, the monarch is the sole agent; to his subjects, wholly excluded from active power, civil virtue is not, as to him, indispensable. In limited monarchies (or in aristocracies), there being many sharers of this power, the number of those to whom such virtue is necessary is increased in proportion. In popular States, where all the citizens participate in the government, this quality is demanded of all;—civil virtue being, as we have said, a practical vital condition of all effectual civil action, which can be dispensed with only in regard to those in any State who, in respect of government, are merely servile, and, as such, must be ruled by coercive means, belonging to the category of slaves. That, accordingly, is the best constitution, and the most apt for the preservation of good government, where, the greatest number being privileged to take an active part in the commonwealth, there is the largest demand and the most abundant supply of civil virtue:—that the worst, where the object of this requisite being narrowed to a single person, the maintenance and succession of the quality are precarious. This is the sum of Venedey's comment on Montesquieu's famous theory of the different species of governments; and we believe it to be substantially true, as laying the foundation of civil authority, and of the prosperity of States, on the firm ground of morals. There must, however, be noted an important consequence of this theory, which Venedey has not in any way alluded to,—viz., that if true, it necessarily follows that free institutions alone will not produce social well-being, where the qualities required to give them effect are wanting in those whom they admit to civil power:—and, further, that to promote emancipation upon any system which does not keep virtue in the foremost place, still more, to do so with an open disregard of its authority, is simply to let loose on the arena of the State servile vices divested of those restraints which alone prevent them from destroying society altogether.

Of the minor criticisms on the application of Montesquieu's theories, not a few are directed against alleged errors in his view of the British constitution; one of which particularly concerns the ex-member, because he supposes it the precedent for what he deems a fatal mistake of the Frankfort Parliament:—modern instances, we observe, being never out of his mind while reviewing old authorities. He denies the separation in England of the executive from the legislative power;—because, he says, on all critical occasions they have both been grasped by the hands of Parliament. That such was literally the case in its struggle with Charles I., of course, true;—that the keys of the purse and the power of impeachment in ordinary times virtually give the same power, may be plausibly maintained;—but it is plainly erroneous to refer to the extra-constitutional claim of the Long Parliament as inherent in the regular working of our system. Nor can any indirect control over the executive residing in Parliament in ordinary times be claimed as an authority for that direct power of the sword which the Frankfort senators are blamed for having declined to seize.

With Montesquieu our agreement with Herr Venedey ends. Nor can his picture of Rousseau

be viewed without some reflections on his idea of “virtue” as a quality essential to civil freedom; for we learn with amazement that Jean Jacques is in his eyes distinguished above all things by his “virtues.” “The best man,” says Venedey, “that ever lived.” And this as the result of a survey in which no attempt is made to conceal any one of the vicious habits, perverse fancies or morbid passions which warped the conduct, obscured the views, or embittered the life of that unhappy genius! This conclusion is both new and surprising. Its refutation need not be sought elsewhere; for no one whose moral sense is sound enough to demand a correspondence between the actions and professions of men will require more assistance in determining its value than Venedey's own apology affords. He arrives at his result by setting against the admitted blemishes in Rousseau's conduct the homage professed in his writings to virtues which in practice he constantly violated. The apologist views not this contrast only, but every incident of his hero's perpetual feud with his fellow-creatures,—with Rousseau's own eyes:—and really seems, like the author of the ‘Confessions,’ to think that the widest deviations from right in deed are rectified by the service in words which is always ostentatiously paid to the names of goodness. If this manner of appraising the worth of any character be admitted, there can be no place left in the rule of life for duty as the first-born of virtue: the greatest offender may obtain the titles of divine merit, by overloading his committed sins with hypocritical praises of piety. He may abuse every friend in the name of friendship: and nourish a jealous misanthropy under the mask of love to all mankind.

In discussing Rousseau's philosophy his admirer follows the same course as in reviewing his character. No fault can be found with the candour of the exposition:—one treatise after the other is brought forward with a clear view of the untenable grounds of each. The ‘Prize Essay’ is based on a fallacy, and completed by an abandonment of its own postulates. The ‘Discourse on the Inequality of Conditions’ is full of contradictions, “and plainly gives Nature the lie.” The theory of education in ‘Emile’ is, in like manner, vitiated by the assumption of a false view of human character. The ‘Contrat Social’ is radically wrong in its view of the origin and progress of society:—and so on. Yet, in spite of all this, one and all are represented in the general summary as the most precious gifts that inspired intellect made to the eighteenth century;—the effect of these dissertations, false as they are admitted to be in every essential point, we are told, has been salutary, is now active, and will be immortal:—the author, no true philosopher, indeed, no teacher in the strict sense of the word, is something higher still,—a poet, a seer; the discoverer, in a kind of Písgah vision, of the new gospel of our time, the father of the divine doctrine of Liberty and Equality! Hence the devotion with which he is regarded, the tenderness with which his faults are smoothed over, the facility with which his professions are converted into something far better than acted virtues. Some minds, we fancy, may well proceed in a way the very reverse of this, and doubt the authenticity of a creed rooted in theories “giving the lie to Nature,” as strongly as they deny the “virtues” of a life of which the evil was too often done and the good merely talked of.

It is surely no act of true piety to Rousseau's memory to advance on his behalf claims which must compel those who respect the eternal boundaries between right and wrong to speak in the plain terms we have felt bound to use on this occasion. Those who ask for his name the

sympathy due to rare, though erring, genius, and the pity which turns in silence from deplorable errors when the grave closes over the life that they made wretched, are not only, we apprehend, more obedient to truth, but more friendly to his reputation; of which unfounded panegyrics can only provoke a scrutiny fatal to its lustre. Much of the early perversions of Rousseau's life, all of the suspicion, rage and misery of its close, may perhaps be traced to causes, ending in partial insanity, which no one would desire to touch with un pitying hands,—but which it is distressing to be forced to handle at all. His life and his genius are alike impressive; as showing in excess the strife of good and evil that devours in secret, or bursts into open conflagration, in all ranks of human being:—a spectacle to be viewed with awe and humility,—for who is exempt from the consciousness of this internal struggle? But to extol the prevailing character of the one as a reflection of high moral beauty,—to elevate the productions of the other into inspired lessons of Truth,—is to destroy whatever is chastening and instructive in the picture, and to set in place of the man an idol, the worship of which is no less repugnant to sound morals than to true wisdom. These both alike protest against the doctrine that a virtuous life can consist with a weakness that falls into vice on all occasions of trial; or that right conclusions in political science can result from premises that imply ignorance or perversion of the facts of human nature. Such, however skilfully palliated and set forth, being the moral of Herr Venedey's panegyric, those who dissent from the conclusion will hardly think us extreme in stating an unfavourable opinion of its merit, which we rate much below that of the *Essays* on Machiavelli and Montesquieu. Those may be praised as good illustrations of their respective objects: this can hardly pass for more than a questionable, though ingenious, attempt to trick out an eminent figure in new colours that moral justice will not suffer to be lasting.

Ancient Art and its Remains; or, a Manual of the Archaeology of Art. By C. O. Müller. New Edition,—with numerous additions. By F. G. Welcker. Translated from the German by John Leitch.

WE are glad to see a new edition of this valuable work brought out under the care of Mr. Leitch. Our readers are aware of the unfortunate incident which destroyed—a very few copies excepted—the whole of the first impression. That so valuable a work should be permanently lost to the English public was not to be thought of; and at the time of the accident we suggested to Mr. Leitch the desirableness of preparing a new edition. Some time has been suffered to elapse since then,—the translator wisely awaiting the appearance of a new German edition of the work, with the latest corrections and enlargements of the learned author. The new matter thus introduced is of course made a part of the present volume. Nor is this all. Mr. Leitch has had the assistance of Prof. Welcker, of Bonn, in the more strictly editorial part of his labours; and many valuable notes and additions from this eminent archaeologist enrich the present volume. Altogether, the book is more complete—and about one-fourth larger—than before.

Criticism on the substantive work, so far as Herr Müller is concerned, is unnecessary at the present day. Like the same writer's '*Dorians*' and his '*Mythology*,' it has taken its place among the best classical interpretations produced by the modern German school of inquiry. In its own especial line of investigation we have nothing approaching it for accuracy of research and subtlety of appreciation. Müller had a

love for Art—as well as for its remains. To the task of interpreting broken columns, half-defaced inscriptions, mutilated vases, and other monuments of Hellenic genius, he brought a feeling for beauty, and an aptitude of conjecture which was the result of a rare combination of delicate taste with the highest order of critical judgment. His '*Ancient Art and its Remains*,' though technical in its form, and of necessity freighted with an unusual quantity of abstruse disquisition and annotation, is nevertheless—not only an invaluable manual to the reader of Greek history and the student of Greek art—but a readable and interesting book for every one of a certain order of cultivation.

To the opinion in favour of Mr. Leitch's powers and pains-taking as a translator it is never out of place to add a testimonial. With a command of various stores of knowledge—sufficient, had his genius inclined him to the more ambitious forms of authorship, to have won for him a place among the original contributors to our classic archaeology and history—he joins a perfect mastery over the more important idioms of ancient and modern times. To say that Müller is a writer beyond the grasp of an ordinary translator is to say less than the case demands. The work of reproducing him in another language requires transfusion rather than translation. His style is so elliptical and concise—rare merits in a German scholar!—as often to be very obscure. We can readily understand Mr. Leitch's assertion in the preface that he had often to consult Herr Müller's authorities before he could be certain of the sense of his more brief and pregnant passages; in some cases, where the authorities cited are not books, but column, frieze, and mouldering monument, the task was still more difficult, and only to be achieved by one who, like Mr. Leitch, could bring a familiar knowledge of the monuments in question to the work of their interpretation. On the whole, we may safely say not only that Müller's great work is now worthily rendered into English,—but that with the elucidations of Mr. Leitch and the additions of Herr Welcker, this is the best and most complete edition yet published.

The Ladder of Gold: An English Story. 3 vols. Bentley.

As it has been our habit to select the best of those novels which, according to a fashion of the day, adopt the periodical form of publication, for particular introduction to our readers on their completion,—we cannot in justice overlook this very clever novel by Mr. Robert Bell. Mr. Bell has run, with more or less success, through all that range of authorship which in the hands of an able man ripens the materials for successful novel writing. As a critic, he is well known,—as a painter of manners, he has spoken by the voice of Comedy,—and books of travel have recorded his faculty of observation, and his narrative style at once easy and picturesque. To such qualifications for the new character in which he now appears there needed only a good theme to insure success:—and Mr. Bell has found one in the narrative before us which follows its chosen hero step by step up the "*Ladder of Gold*."

Mr. Bell's moral is something at once more generally profound and more technically particular than the already well-used one of the rise of an obscure man in a mercenary world by reason of his wealth—the brilliant position bought by meremoney,—or than the ordinary narrative of early sacrifices, suppressions, or secrets constituting the machinery by which the process of accumulation was fed. He has dignified the vulgar motive with some of the characters of noble passion,—showing with great art the de-

terioration of the loftier element in the growth of its baser accompaniments and in the rankness of success:—and he has chosen for the exhibition of his morals a figure at once exceptional and familiar. The fortunes of the Railway King have suggested the incidents and some of the teachings of Mr. Bell's book; but he has so mixed up features of his own in the portrait, as at once to escape the imputation of drawing from the life and greatly to heighten the artistic effect of his work. Other lessons than that of the mere successful speculator and the kneeling world enlarge the philosophy of Mr. Bell's book. We should add—whether as a recommendation or not—certainly as a characteristic, that his shrewdness of observation and of comment is almost entirely free from that mannerism which for good or for evil distinguishes some of the most popular writers of fiction of the day,—and that he has more than ordinary force in a style peculiarly smooth and flowing.

We will send our readers to the book for all the exciting incidents in the career of Richard Rawlings and in the various fortunes of his friends and dupes:—selecting only such passages as may illustrate our author's style of painting. The following extract will at once introduce the hero to our readers, exhibit one of his first great steps on the "*Ladder of Gold*," and show Mr. Bell's power to describe the features of a moral epidemic.—

"Richard Rawlings was born under the luckiest of stars. Great men have sometimes been lost by coming a century before or behind their time. Richard came in the very crisis adapted for the effective display of his genius. A new element of power had arisen in the country, and was creating a revolution in the habits and character of the people. Science was the magician that had called it into existence, and money was the spell by which it was to be worked. Not a great many years before the point of time at which we are now arrived, there was one solitary little railway straggling up somewhere in the north; in the interval, every corner in the kingdom was convulsed by projects which were to enclose the land in a metallic net-work. The whole country, from coast to coast, was to be traversed and dissected by iron roads; wherever there was a hamlet or a cattle-track, a market or a manufactory, there was to be a railroad; physical obstacles and private rights were straws under the chariot-wheels of the Fire-King; mountains were to be cut through, as you would cut a cheese; valleys were to be lifted; the skies were to be scaled; the earth was to be tunneled; parks, gardens, and ornamental grounds were to be broken into; the shrieking engine was to carry the riot of the town into the sylvan retreats of pastoral life; sweltering trains were to penetrate solitudes hitherto sacred to the ruins of antiquity; hissing locomotives were to rush over tops of houses; and it was not quite decided whether an attempt would not be made to run a railway to the moon. The people had believed in the South Sea, the Mississippi, in the Unknown Tongues. Why should they not believe in the conquest of time and space by practical science? It was already an established fact. The basis of the popular credulity was, at least, secure, and out of this very security rose the grand delusion. The foundations were strong enough; but the superstructure was a fantastic dream. If the solar system had been suddenly swept behind a veil of darkness, or the earth suspended on its axis, a greater ferment could not have been produced in the minds of the plodding population of these islands; more railroads were projected, by tens and hundreds, than funds could be collected to construct in a thousand years, or than the necessities of the country, if the traffic were to be increased a thousand-fold, could ever require. These trifling considerations were overlooked. Fabulous estimates, sparkling with richer promise than the sands of Pactolus, were circulated and swallowed; and, to give greater intensity and a wider range to the enthusiasm of the multitude, new motive powers were invented, and as eagerly believed in as the rest. * * A colony of solicitors, engineers, and seedy

accountants had settled in the purlieus of Thread-needle. Every town and parish in the kingdom blazed out in zinc plates on the door-ways. From the cellars to the roofs, every fragment of a room held its committee, busy over maps and surveys, allotments and scrip. The darkest cupboard on the stairs contained a secretary or a clerk, shut up and palpitating in its mysterious organism, like the lady in the lobster. To this focal centre were attracted the rank and wealth, the beggary and villany of three respectable kingdoms. Men who were never seen east of Temple Bar before or since, were now as familiar to the pavement of Moorgate Street, as the stock-brokers who flew about, like messengers of doom, with the fate of thousands clutched in scraps of dirty paper in their hands. Ladies of title, lords, members of parliament, and fashionable loungers thronged the noisy passages, and were jostled by adventurers and gamblers, rogues and impostors. From his garret in some nameless suburb, the out-cast scamp; from his west-end hotel, the spendthrift fop; from his dim studio, the poor artist; from his starved lodging, the broken-down gentleman; from his flying address, the professional swindler; from his fine mansion, the man of notoriety, whose life was a daily fight to keep up appearances—poured petitions into Moorgate every day, and every hour in the day, and every minute in the hour, to be allowed to participate in the bubbles which were blowing there faster than the impatient public, at the top of their velocity, could catch them. Richard Rawlings noted carefully the signs of the times. Long before the fever had reached its height, he saw that it was setting in. Looking steadily through the glare that blinded most other people, he discerned the profits which a man of sagacity and energy might carve out of the universal madness; and he took his course with a resolution that never faltered. There was a short starving railway near the sea-shore, the sleepers of which slept between Noplace and Nowhere. Its traffic was represented by a figure that disappeared so far back in the fractional parts of nothing, as to puzzle an arithmetician how to draw it out and exhibit it in an intelligible calculation. The shares were down to a fearful discount. The shareholders were delirious with terror about future responsibility, and ready to sell on any terms, but no terms could be got. When this tempting line was in *extremis*, Richard Rawlings became a purchaser to so large an extent, that he at once became the autocrat of the managing board, who were only too happy to resign its dying functions into the hands of so bold a speculator. By a little skill in the management, and by making arrangements with other companies to link the isolated and forlorn railway to the general business of that part of the country, he rapidly revived its fortunes, and brought up the shares to a startling premium. The ascent of the first balloon, when it was liberated from the ground, and soared into the clouds, was not more surprising to the spectators than the astonishing rise of these apparently hopeless shares. The reputation of Richard Rawlings rose in proportion. He broke the back of at least one venerable saw, and soon came to be regarded as a prophet in his own country."

The new social relations into which Mr. Rawlings's ascent up the ladder introduced him, and the mixed motives which he found there contending in no very honourable shape for and against his claims, may be indicated by a scene in which Lord Charles Eton, a rising politician, discloses to his uncle Lord William his love for the millionaire's daughter Margaret—and for her gold.—

"I am well aware of your lordship's strong opinions on the subject of family alliances; yet there are considerations which may sometimes be permitted to overrule our scruples on the score of birth.—I know of none, sir. I read of such things in trashy novels, but I never knew them hold good in real life. I see plainly what's coming. You have fallen in love, and disgraced your family.—You wrong me much—disgrace there can be none. Be patient, and hear me." Lord William had leaped out of his seat, and was walking up and down the room, pushing the chairs out of his way, in a state of high excitement. "Patient! I am patient. Go on!" The lady in whom I am anxious to interest your lordship

is accomplished and beautiful, and would dignify any station to which she might be called.—Of course! She's a paragon,—spare your raptures and come to the point.—Circumstanced as I am, I candidly acknowledge that I should have felt it my duty to struggle against the feeling she has inspired, were it not that—that the union is highly desirable on prudential grounds.—Perhaps you will be good enough to descend to particulars.—Then, in plain words, uncle, the lady has a large fortune.—A fortune. Who is she?—The youngest daughter of Mr. Rawlings, the member for Yarlton.—The railway man? And you come to me to ask my advice. I'll give it you in one word.—Pause, my dear uncle, before you pronounce your verdict. Consider my situation. Mr. Rawlings has the command of enormous wealth; he is one of the richest commoners in England. I admit at once that his origin is obscure, but I never heard a breath against his reputation; he is shrewd, clever, and practical. I have met people of the highest rank at his house. Reflect upon these circumstances, and do not decide hastily upon a measure involving my future happiness and success in public life.—Have you done? Now listen to me. I have heard you patiently. The daughter of this railway jobber has a large fortune. Well! Granted. There are fifty as good baking at this moment in the smoke of Manchester or Liverpool, who would average you a hundred thousand pounds, and would walk barefoot up to London for the chance of becoming Lady Charles Eton. Do you hold your station so cheap as to sell yourself in such a market as that? Are there no women in the aristocracy whose alliance would bring you wealth and influence, that you must fling yourself away upon a—It chokes me to think of it. I tell you at once, that such a degradation would put an end to our intercourse for ever!—No—no—my dear uncle.—Don't call me your dear uncle. I have been your best friend—made you what you are—and this is the return I receive. My house is open to you—I was fool enough to make you my heir. I calculated proudly upon seeing the honour of our ancient house transmitted with credit to posterity through you. Dear uncle! I am no longer your uncle. What! marry the daughter of a railway gambler, picked up, probably, in the train, proposed for in a refreshment room, and the banns published at all the stations for the glorification of the chairman and directors. I shouldn't be half so outraged if you married a common girl out of the Opera.—You must allow me to say that this is prejudice. See Mr. Rawlings, and judge for yourself.—See him? Look here, sir, cried Lord William, seizing Lord Charles by the arm, and taking him round the room; these are the portraits of some of the ancestors of our family. There is not a stain upon their lives. That is Reginald, who served before Rouen, and covered with honourable wounds, was knighted on the field. That is my namesake, Sir William Eton, who held a garrison against the Parliament till they were reduced to live upon their horses, and then cut his way through the besiegers. This is the portrait of a Chancellor, who refused to sanction a tyrannical decree of the king's, and expiated his patriotism on the scaffold. You have heard their histories over and over again. You are familiar with their glories—and now, sir, will you dare to stand in the midst of these worthies of your house, and disgrace the proud name you inherit by a disreputable marriage?—I will do nothing, my lord, replied Lord Charles, that I should not be justified in doing by the examples before me. I look round as proudly as your lordship on this gallery of worthies, and I see amongst them one who is distinguished above the rest as the founder of our house. In this picture, my lord—which I know your lordship treasures more than all the generals and judges in the family—we have a representation of the first interview between Marmaduke Eton and Grace Hunsdon.—M—n! There were no railways in those days!—I have heard your lordship tell that story a hundred times—I have seen your eyes glisten and grow moist—you cannot deny it!—at the relation of that pastoral episode in the history of the Eton peerage.—Charles, that was five hundred years ago. The world has undergone some revolutions since that time.—I have heard you say that Marmaduke was the greatest hero of them all, be-

cause he had the courage to lift a peasant girl he loved to his own rank, and to endure poverty and scorn and hardship for her sake.—Fish! What has this to do with it?—And I have heard you a hundred times declare that you were prouder of the poor peasant girl than of all the marchionesses, and countesses, and maids of honour, with whom the members of our family have intermarried from that day to the present.—Well—I admit it.—Uncle, if you honour Marmaduke for marrying the woman he loved, upon what principle of justice can you condemn me for imitating so illustrious a precedent?—Love? You didn't say anything about love before!—You didn't allow me time. But it is so, uncle. I love Margaret Rawlings.—Bah! The story of Grace Hunsdon is a legend of the old times. She was lovely, innocent—just as you see her there in that picture—they wrote ballads on her beauty.—Marmaduke's devotion to her was a touch of knightly romance that I honour him for—he married her for love—love, sir; she was a peasant, and hadn't a farthing in the world. It was pure love.—But, surely, the accident of having a fortune.—Throws suspicion upon it. People will say you married her for her money.—They will do me an injustice.—I wish she were a beggar, I should like it better.—I wish you knew her, and you would like her for her own sake. To be sure we are not in an age of romance, uncle; but the human heart is just as susceptible in the nineteenth century as it was in the fourteenth. Why shouldn't Margaret Rawlings shed as sweet a lustre on her station as Grace Hunsdon?—Answer me one question, Charles. Do you love this girl? Don't suffer yourself to be dazzled by her fortune, but answer me sincerely. Suppose she had n't a penny, would you marry her?—Would you think a marriage under such circumstances prudent?—What business is that of yours what I should think? Young fellows in love don't care what anybody thinks.—Then I answer at once.—Yes.—You would marry her without my consent—run away with her—and, like old Marmaduke, sacrifice everything for her?—It is a hard question, but I answer again.—Yes.—Give me your hand, Charles. I didn't think there was this sort of heroism in you. You would desert me for this girl? I don't believe a word of it. You would come to me first, as you have done, and ask my consent—and you should have it. You could have run away with her if you pleased. Why didn't you? There—if you love her, marry her: but I make one stipulation. I will receive your wife, but hold no intercourse with her family. A man may marry a woman if he loves her—but he is not bound to marry her father and mother, and a brood of low relations."

The following description of a London "Sleepy Hollow" is worth quoting as a further example of Mr. Bell's skill in painting.—

"Bounded on the north by Oxford Street, on the south by Piccadilly, on the west by Hyde Park, and on the east by Berkeley Square, lies the sequestered kingdom of Mayfair. Upon entering this region, you at once perceive that it is inhabited by a race whose peculiar characteristics distinguish them in a remarkable manner from the people who dwell beyond the frontiers. In its stillness and gloom it resembles the tranquil cloisters of some old monastic retreat standing silently in the midst of a populous town. The aristocratic repose of Mayfair attests the quality and mode of life of its denizens. The streets have hardly a stir in them, except when a leisurely equipage wheels out of a neighbouring stable-lane, to take up its position at the door of some solemn mansion, or when the footfall of a lounging pedestrian awakens the lazy echoes, or the tramp of a few equestrians on their way to Rotten Row, breaks sharply on the ear. Here you are never disturbed by the bustle that pervades the surrounding districts; even the loud uproar of the tossing multitudes who, only a few streets off, smite the heavens with the thunder of eternal traffic, never penetrates to the heart of Mayfair. Here we have the most perfect image of that luxurious indolence which constitutes the exclusive charm of fashionable existence. The morning passes away like a dream in a slumberous dalliance with the mysteries of the toilette and the boudoir,—scarcely a single face is to be seen at the panes or on the flags, save an occasional lacquey,

reading a newspaper at a hall-window, or standing with an air of pampered idleness at a half-opened door,—and it is not until night arrives, when some grand rout invokes the inhabitants out of their houses, and fills the quiet streets with long trains of carriages, lighted up, as they discharge their company by sundry will-o'-the-wisps, in the shape of link-men, that you can form any estimate of the population of the Sleepy Hollow of Mayfair. Squeezed up amongst the large mansions, whose dark, tall windows looked so dim and grand with accumulated dust (a type of the stagnation of high life), are scattered many very small houses, which in any other part of the town would be considered close and incommensurable. But fashion sanctifies all inconveniences. Individuals who prefer a fine address in a dingy nook at the West End, to a free circulation of air and large rooms in any other quarter, have a clear right to indulge their taste. They have ample compensation for being choked upon a few yards of carpeting in the reflection that they breathe the same atmosphere with people of distinction, forgetting that lungs of less purity may breathe it also, making ominous gaps in the Red Book that show how strangely the aristocracy are sometimes shouldered in their own chosen seclusion."

We will give one more short extract—of a different kind—that our readers may see how Mr. Bell can approach and handle the more natural affections. There is a touch of pathos in the *Agent d'Affaires* at Tours, with his living son and the memory of his dead wife keeping house with him, and shutting its doors against the world, which is in the spirit of Sterne.—

"We may now enjoy half an hour after the fashion of our own country, Mr. Sloake," said Richard; "here is a fresh bottle of wine. By-the-by, I can hardly persuade myself that you are an Englishman, do you know? I have often thought of asking you." "Oh!—yes, certainly," replied Mr. Sloake; "I am *Anglais*,—I am native of England,—yes, certainly." "But you have lived a long time out of the country?" "Yes,—yes,—I have never lived there." "Never? How is that?" "Why, I was born in London," said Mr. Sloake; "but when I was four, five years, I came to live in France. My father died and left me to myself, and I have never been at England since." "But do you consider yourself an Englishman?" "Oh!—yes, certainly," rejoined Mr. Sloake; "My heart is English—I love English—I would fight for English,—certainly, I would spend my last blood at England,—yes, I am *Anglais*." "How is it, then, that you have lived all your life here?" "Ah! you shall know,—I am buried here,—yes, Mr. Rawlings, I must die here." "Die here?" "Ah! it is true; I can die nowhere else. My Eugénie lies in the old cathedral. It is all that is left to me in this wide world, to go there every day, once, twice, three times, and say my prayer for Eugénie. England is never for me no more." "Eugénie?" exclaimed Mrs. Rawlings; "what a pretty name!" "Yes, madame," said Mr. Sloake, "she was my dear wife. I was then very gay and proud, but I am broken up and down now. She is dead these seven years, and I would die, too, but for my little Eugénie. She lives still for me in him, pauvre petit!" "A sad story, Mr. Sloake," observed Richard. "I must live for Eugénie,—*voilà tout!* I have my *affaires*—not much now—*n'importe*; a little makes for Eugénie and me. We are only two in this world—only two! But when I open my windows I see the cathedral, and I am happy. And my dear child goes with me to pray, and we are both happy. No—no—I cannot never go to my country. I am in my grave with Eugénie."

We believe, the extracts that we have given will send our readers to pages which will yield them as much amusement probably as any novel of the season,—on better grounds than most.

Description of a Roman Building and other Remains lately discovered at Caerleon. By John Edward Lee. Smith.

THIS is a very unpretending, and on many accounts satisfactory publication,—containing the details of recent excavations. We feel

bound to give it especial praise because we see in it no attempt to attach undue importance to trifling discoveries,—or to trump up as works of high Art objects that have really little intrinsic merit, yet are interesting as relics of a comparatively early age. Besides a ground plan of the whole building—near what is known as the Castle-mound at Caerleon—we have some good views giving what is no doubt an accurate notion of the country in the immediate vicinity of the exhumed edifice.—What is most remarkable about it is, that it is clearly shown that, anterior to the Roman building so exposed, there was another and an earlier Roman building, with its baths, hypocausts, &c., which was built over by the constructor of the later fabric. Thus, the remains belong to different periods,—though not far distant; and it has not been easy for Mr. Lee to distinguish between the two, notwithstanding that he seems very competent to such a task.

The greatest novelty, as it strikes us, is one of the least remarkable of the remains:—we mean the inscription relating to the *Primus Tessarius*, regarding which we apprehend the author is justified in observing that "it is the first that has been noticed in Britain." In addition to the ground-plan, &c., we have seventeen or eighteen stone engravings, which appear to be very accurate representations of objects of all kinds:—giving them simply as they are, and without any of the false artistic embellishments so usually lessening the value and the utility of such representations. The subject is difficult, in consequence of the complication of the two buildings; but where Mr. Lee has most failed is, in communicating to the reader through his description a clear notion of the ground and its incumbences. Here, however, his two pictorial views come in aid:—and on the whole there is little reason to complain.—The implements brought to light are in most instances of the ordinary kind; but we may particularly refer to the fragment of a glass bowl (No. 3, pl. viii.), which is very similar to an entire one recently brought to England from Nîmes, and exhibited at the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries on the 28th of November. It establishes that the Romans were not merely glass-blowers, but glass-workers; and it is the opinion of the skilful in such matters that the bowl from Nîmes must have been ground, ribbed and polished by a lathe, in the mode still practised.

It appears that a Museum is in course of formation at Caerleon,—and any profits to be derived from the sale of the pamphlet before us are to be applied to the completion of the edifice now in progress, and for which about 100*l.* is still required. The nobility, gentry, &c. in the vicinity seem to have subscribed liberally,—and a fund of 500*l.* has already been accumulated from this source only.—The project is one to which all archæologists must wish success.

History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers. By Michele Amari. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Earl of Ellesmere. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE history now offered to the general reader in an English garb was published in the first instance, in Palermo, in 1842,—and subsequently reprinted, with additional matter, in Paris, in 1843, by M. Baudry, to form a part of his collection of the best Italian authors. Both its merits and its high importance as an historical work entitled it to be translated into our own tongue,—as it has already been into the German.

Like other revolutions that followed, the Sicilian Vespers—which delivered the Sicilians from a foreign yoke—can boast of its legend and its

popular hero. The public mind was so struck with wonder at the fact of a small nation setting at defiance and triumphing over a power so greatly its superior, that the imaginations of some contemporary writers ran riot on the occasion, and sought to account for what seemed beyond ordinary belief by attributing it to the supernatural agency of half-fabulous beings. The ignorance of succeeding generations, or rather their want of means of reducing their annals within the strict bounds of historical accuracy, caused such fables to be generally accredited; and hence a halo of the marvellous surrounds the names of Tell, Wallace, Procida even to our own times.

The legend concerning Procida represented him as the chief of a conspiracy got up amongst the Sicilian Barons, the Pope, the Emperor of Constantinople, and Peter of Aragon,—which he is supposed to have managed with great success during three years, and brought to a fortunate issue by the massacre of all the French inhabitants of the island,—placing Peter of Aragon on the throne in lieu of Charles of Anjou. But here the legend stopped short,—not following the revolution down to its final results. While Signor Amari's acute and enlightened criticism and unwearied researches have overturned the whole fabric of Procida's conspiracy—or have at least shown it to have had no effect on the revolution—they have at the same time led him to discover the real causes of this great event, and to follow it not only through the change of dynasty that ensued, but down to its last result,—the forfeiture of the Sicilian throne by James, one of Peter of Aragon's children, the elevation of his other son Frederic to the crown, and the concluding peace which caused the claims of the latter to be admitted by the Anjous of Naples.

Amongst the numerous contemporary authorities that lead Signor Amari to set aside Procida's conspiracy, that of Dante deserves special mention. Dante—who is always conscientious when he leaves the realms of fiction for that of history—attributes the Sicilian Vespers to a spontaneous outbreak caused by oppression, when he puts into the mouth of Charles Martel, the descendant of Charles of Anjou, the following lines, to the effect that the House of Anjou would still reign over Sicily.—

Se mala signoria che sempre accora
I popoli soggetti non avesse
Mossa Palermo a gridar: mora, mora.

The non-existence, or inefficacy, of Procida's conspiracy—merely hinted at by some illustrious writers, such as Voltaire and Gibbon,—is, as we have said, now made matter of certainty by means of Amari's researches. He gives only in a cursory manner in the text his opinion of the conspiracy; and without interrupting his narrative, devotes an appendix to the examination of the documents on the subject.

The causes of the Sicilian revolution of 1282 are to be sought in the iniquitous contract by which a Pope bartered a nation in favour of a lucky adventurer,—in the sacrifice of the Hohenstauffen dynasty, which was linked to this people by a compact,—in the insupportable oppression that weighed on the Sicilians,—and in the haughty contempt with which the Popes treated all remonstrances on behalf of this injured people. Let us recall to our readers some of the most important events of the great drama of the Sicilian Vespers.

The monarchy which was founded in Sicily, and in the provinces that now form the kingdom of Naples, by a few Norman nobles, towards the close of the eleventh century, received from its founders similar institutions to those which other Normans were establishing at the same period in England; and was subsequently handed down through the female

line, towards the end of the twelfth century, to the house of Hohenstauffen, which then reigned over Germany. This event implicated the Sicilian States in the violent quarrels that had already been kindled between the Popes and the Hohenstauffens, and eventually involved them in the ruin that fell on those valiant but unfortunate princes. The Popes, who adopted the presumptuous doctrines of Hildebrand, after deposing the Emperor Frederic the Second pursued his children with implacable hatred,—and attacked Manfred, who had obtained the crown of Sicily. After having offered this crown to the courts of England and of France, the Popes at length prevailed on Charles of Anjou to invade Sicily for the purpose of seizing on the throne, and to declare himself their tributary and vassal.

Having entered the kingdom, Charles defeated Manfred,—who fell on the battle-field at Benevento; and conquered and treacherously sacrificed Conradino, the last scion of his illustrious family, who had come to claim his rights with an army of Germans and Italians. Both Sicily and the Continental provinces had risen in favour of Conradino; but Charles repressed the insurrections with great cruelty in Naples, and with unexampled ferocity in Sicily. Not residing in Sicily, like the kings who had preceded him,—nor even convoking parliaments,—and tolerating the abuses and exactions of his lieutenants,—Charles's reign was one of terror. Meanwhile, his restless ambition, which led him to seek to enlarge his estates by invading the north of Italy and attempting the conquest of the Greek Empire, had raised him up many powerful enemies:—but it was not by the great ones of the earth that he was destined to be humbled. It was the populace of Palermo and the Sicilian Vespers that were to ring the knell of his reign in the island.

Peter of Aragon had a right to the crown of Sicily through his wife, who was daughter to Manfred; but the Sicilians did not appeal to him,—nor did he interfere until after the first dreadful blow had been stricken against Charles, and had converted the island into a republic.

"On the Tuesday [after Easter, March 31st], at the hour of vespers, religion and custom crowded this then cheerful plain [surrounding the church of Santo Spirito], and about half a mile from the walls of Palermo, carpeted with the flowers of spring, with citizens wending their way towards the church. Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sat in clusters, spread the tables, or danced upon the grass; and, whether it were a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, threw off, for the moment, the recollection of their sufferings,—when the followers of the Justiciary suddenly appeared amongst them, and every bosom thrilled with a shudder of disgust. The strangers came, with their usual insolent demeanour, as they said, to maintain tranquillity; and for this purpose they mingled in the groups, joined in the dances, and familiarly accosted the women, pressing the hand of one, taking unwarranted liberties with others; addressing indecent words and gestures to those more distant; until some temperately admonished them to depart, in God's name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrily; but the hot-blooded youths raised their voices so fiercely that the soldiers said to one another, 'These insolent *paterini* must be armed that they dare thus to answer,' and replied to them with the most offensive insults, insisting, with great insolence, on searching them for arms, and even here and there striking them with sticks and thongs. Every heart already throbbled fiercely on either side—when a young woman of singular beauty and of modest and dignified deportment, appeared with her husband and relations bending her steps towards the church. Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by insolence or licence, approached her as if to examine her for concealed weapons, seized her and searched her bosom. She felt flinching into her husband's arms, who, in a voice almost choked with rage, exclaimed, 'Death, death

to the French!' At the same moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon Drouet, disarmed and slew him; and probably at the same moment paid the penalty of his own life, leaving his name unknown, and the mystery for ever unsolved, whether it were love for the injured woman, the impulse of a generous heart, or the more exalted flame of patriotism, that prompted him thus to give the signal of deliverance. Noble examples have a power far beyond that of argument or eloquence to rouse the people—and the abject slaves awoke at length from their long bondage, 'Death, death to the French!' they cried; and the cry, says the historians of the time, re-echoed like the voice of God through the whole country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Drouet were heaped those of victims slain on either side; the crowd expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks, stones, and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their fully-armed opponents; they sought for them and hunted them down; fearful tragedies were enacted amid the preparations for festivity, and the overthrown tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength, and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell."

Such was the beginning of those massacres of the French in Sicily which derived their name from the hour at which they first commenced; and were continued not only in Palermo, but throughout the other towns of the island during the month of April—a terrible retribution for the most degrading and inexorable tyranny.

Charles of Anjou laid siege to Messina with an army of 70,000 men, and from 150 to 200 vessels, which had been equipped for carrying war into the Greek empire,—but was obliged, owing to the heroic defence of the Sicilians, to raise the siege at the end of sixty-four days, and to withdraw from Sicily for ever. Meanwhile, the Sicilian Parliament, assembled at Palermo, taking into consideration Charles's dangerous attempt upon Messina, turned their thoughts towards Peter of Aragon; and despatched a message to the coast of Africa, whither he had recently repaired on an expedition against the Moors, to offer him the crown. He reached Palermo with twenty-seven vessels and but an insufficient number of troops, just at the moment when Charles was on the point of raising the siege of Messina,—was proclaimed king by the Parliament,—and soon assumed an offensive attitude both by sea and by land in Calabria. Manfred's daughter, queen Constance, and her young children, James, Frederic, and Yolande, had joined the king in Sicily,—when the latter was forced to leave the island in consequence of Charles's having sent him the famous challenge to meet him at Bordeaux. Previously to his departure, he presented the queen and his children to the Parliament in Messina, and said,—

"I am constrained to quit this country, which is as dear to me as my native land. I go before the face of all Christendom to confound our haughty enemy, and strong in the justice of God, to vindicate the honour of my name. For I have risked all things for your sake, Sicilians—name, person, kingdom, my very soul itself; nor do I regret it, seeing our undertaking crowned with success by the omnipotent hand of the Lord; the enemy driven from Sicily, pursued and conquered on the main land; your laws and franchises restored, and yourselves increasing in wealth, glory, and prosperity. I leave you a victorious fleet, experienced captains, faithful ministers, your queen, and the grandsons of Manfred. These youths, the dearest parts of myself, I entrust to you, Sicilians, without a fear on their account. Nay more, as the fortunes of war are doubtful and perilous, I leave you a new guarantee of your rights; at my death Alfonso will possess Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia; James, my second son, will succeed me on the throne of Sicily. During my absence the

queen and James will govern in my stead; and do you show yourselves docile to this paternal rule, strong against your enemies, and deaf to the wiles of those who seek new pretexts in order to betray you into their hands."

The duel did not take effect:—but other struggles awaited Peter. While the Sicilians were gaining a naval battle in the Gulf of Naples, in which they made Charles's son a prisoner, while they compelled the king once more to fly before them in Calabria,—Pope Martin disposed of the crown of Aragon in favour of Charles of Valois, the younger son of Philip the Bold of France, and induced that monarch and the French parliament to invade Catalonia with an immense army. Peter, in derision at the Pope's sentence, "calling himself no longer a king, but only Peter of Aragon, a knight, father of two kings, and lord of the seas," managed to conciliate the Cortes of Aragon, and with the sole assistance of the Sicilian fleet he put the enemy's army to the rout with a handful of troops and saved his States. But in the midst of these vast enterprises, "he died, at the age of forty-six, in the prime of mental and bodily vigour, but at the summit of his fortune; for he beheld the host of France dispersed, the king of Majorca humbled, Charles of Anjou, Philip the Bold and Pope Martin departed this life (a short time before him), the new king of Naples in his power, that kingdom in confusion, Sicily submissive and secure, his fleet mistress of the Mediterranean."

After Peter's death, fortune seemed to turn her back on the Sicilians,—but neither their courage nor their perseverance forsook them. The Court of Rome, which had never been able to subdue Peter, prevailed on his son Alfonso, who had ascended the throne of Aragon, to set Charles II., king of Naples, at liberty,—that monarch having been detained a prisoner in Catalonia after being taken by the Sicilian forces,—and also to promise to abandon his brother James, then reigning over Sicily. Alfonso, however, died too young to accomplish this cowardly pledge. On James succeeding to the throne of Aragon at Alfonso's decease, the Sicilians were fain to tolerate the two crowns being united in his person, in the hope that he would make use of his increased power in favour of his former kingdom, which he had governed and defended during eight years. But this hope was doomed to disappointment. Content to sacrifice his own honour and the interests of a generous people to the safety of his new kingdom, James formed the project of giving up Sicily ostensibly to Pope Boniface, but in reality to King Charles. As soon as the Sicilian Parliament knew of these negotiations, they sent a deputation to James at Barcelona:—but their remonstrances had no effect.

The Sicilians then turned their thoughts towards James's younger brother, Frederic; who had been brought up amongst them almost from childhood, had governed the island since James's departure, and conciliated the public affection by his courage and benignity. Nothing could exceed the excitement that prevailed throughout Sicily when the peace concluded between the kings of Naples and Aragon was no longer matter of doubt, and when the conditions became known to the nation at large,—who resolved not to submit to a foreign yoke. The Parliament despatched again an embassy to James.—

"It was at Villa Bertram, [in Catalonia, where, after the peace concluded between Charles and James, the latter was advancing towards Peralada and Perpignan, to meet Blanche of Anjou, daughter to Charles, his affianced bride, who came with her father and the Pope's Legate,] on the 29th of October, that the envoys from Sicily overtook King James. With pale and stern countenances they entered his

line, towards the end of the twelfth century, to the house of Hohenstauffen, which then reigned over Germany. This event implicated the Sicilian States in the violent quarrels that had already been kindled between the Popes and the Hohenstauffens, and eventually involved them in the ruin that fell on those valiant but unfortunate princes. The Popes, who adopted the presumptuous doctrines of Hildebrand, after deposing the Emperor Frederic the Second pursued his children with implacable hatred,—and attacked Manfred, who had obtained the crown of Sicily. After having offered this crown to the courts of England and of France, the Popes at length prevailed on Charles of Anjou to invade Sicily for the purpose of seizing on the throne, and to declare himself their tributary and vassal.

Having entered the kingdom, Charles defeated Manfred,—who fell on the battle-field at Benevento; and conquered and treacherously sacrificed Conradino, the last scion of his illustrious family, who had come to claim his rights with an army of Germans and Italians. Both Sicily and the Continental provinces had risen in favour of Conradino; but Charles repressed the insurrections with great cruelty in Naples, and with unexampled ferocity in Sicily. Not residing in Sicily, like the kings who had preceded him,—nor even convoking parliaments,—and tolerating the abuses and exactions of his lieutenants,—Charles's reign was one of terror. Meanwhile, his restless ambition, which led him to seek to enlarge his estates by invading the north of Italy and attempting the conquest of the Greek Empire, had raised him up many powerful enemies:—but it was not by the great ones of the earth that he was destined to be humbled. It was the populace of Palermo and the Sicilian Vespers that were to ring the knell of his reign in the island.

presence, to confound him in the midst of these rejoicings, and before all the nobles of his realm. Having listened to the question of the Sicilian parliament, the king unhesitatingly acknowledged the treaty; on hearing which Cataldo Rosso exclaimed, "Behold, all ye that pass by, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" and after these biblical lamentations, he, with his companions and the attendants on the Sicilian embassy, rent their garments, and broke forth into demonstrations of desperate grief; crying aloud to James, "Is not such cruelty unheard of, that a king should give up loyal subjects to be devoured by their enemies?" But after they had thus held up the conduct of the king to execration, they resumed their dignified and proud composure, and protested in open court: "That Sicily, forsaken by him, disowned King James's title to the crown; that she absolved herself from all oaths, fealty, and homage, and held herself free to adopt whatever form of government might best please her." The king was compelled to accept this protest; and the ambassadors insisted upon, and obtained a diploma attesting it. On the same day, clad in mourning weeds, they turned their back upon the perfidious foreign court; but before they departed James had the audacity to say to them, that he commended his mother and sister to the Sicilians. "Of Frederic," he added, "I do not speak, for he is a knight, and well knows what is to be done, as you also know it."

After this, nothing was left for the Sicilians to do but to rally round Frederic, and to prepare for carrying on the war. Accordingly, on the 15th of January 1296, Frederic was proclaimed king by the parliament assembled at Catania, and on the 25th of March he was crowned at Palermo. Fifteen years of warfare and great political vicissitudes had rendered the Sicilians well capable of coming forth victorious out of this last struggle against their enemies both new and old. James, who had degraded himself to accept of the title of Captain of the Church, fought with alternate success and ill luck in the ranks of the Angevins both by sea and by land, against his brother and the Sicilians. Besides James, the brave Admiral Loria—who had gone over to the enemy's side, to follow the fortunes of James—the two sons of King Charles, Robert and Philip, and, lastly, Charles of Valois, the same son of Philip the Bold who at the beginning of the war of the Sicilian Vespers, when the French set out for the expedition against Catalonia, had received from Pope Martin the empty title of King of Aragon, and had latterly acquired a sinister celebrity in Tuscany as the champion of Pope Boniface,—all made war successively against Sicily. These last attempts having miscarried, and one of Charles's sons (Philip, Prince of Tarento) having fallen into the hands of the Sicilians,—Charles of Valois made overtures to Frederic; and a treaty of peace was concluded on the 29th of August 1302. The Sicilians were enabled to lay down their arms for the first time since the year 1282:—and King Frederic remained in peaceable possession of the Sicilian throne.

It has been said, that Signor Amari has robbed Sicily of a hero,—but he has given her a nation of heroes in his place. Few revolutions are characterized by a nobler spirit than this. Sicily was successively harassed by two kings of the Anjou family, who disposed of the resources of a kingdom three times larger than herself and of vast domains in France; and by five Popes who in those days of fanaticism spared neither the wealth of Christendom nor the thunders of the Vatican during a twenty years' war,—and were moreover upheld by troops furnished by the Guelph cities of Italy, by France, and lastly by Aragon,—and who made no scruple of employing treachery whenever it served their purpose. Sicily, "aided by none with funds, and by Spain with troops only for

a time, with the assistance of a few Catalan adventurers and Genoese Ghibelines alone, carried on the war with unflinching vigour, and at its close triumphantly secured her glorious object. * * Even she came forth from the revolution in the thirteenth century with a political constitution hardly equalled," says our author, "by those of the most civilized nations in the nineteenth century."

Such is the interest attached to Signor Amari's subject.—Of the beauty of its details, and the many rectifications of historical inaccuracies which it contains, this conscientious translation will enable the English reader to judge for himself. Signor Amari excels as an historian and as a critic. The introduction and the notes added by Lord Ellesmere greatly enhance the value of his translation. In a biographical notice of Signor Amari which the Introduction contains, we learn what kind of reward attends the labours of learned and independent men in Italy, in the prosecution endured by this author from the Neapolitan government on account of his work.—He was forced to exile himself in 1842.

We will not conclude without expressing a hope that English literature may be further enriched by other translations from the works of the best contemporary Italian authors:—such, for instance, as Scina's 'History of Greco-Sicilian Literature,'—which, as we believe, is but little known to English readers,—and which is descriptive of another epoch when Sicily boasted considerable political importance joined to a high degree of intellectual superiority.

The Hero János. A Peasant Tale—[*Der Held János*]. By Alexander Petösi. Translated from the Hungarian, by Kertbeny. Stuttgart, Hallberger; London, Williams & Norgate.

WHENEVER circumstances happen to set in motion any strong current of public feeling, there are always numbers at hand to launch on the stream all kinds of little adventures of their own:—and the earliest and readiest of these the flood often leads on to no inconsiderable fortune. Thus it is with the interest justly excited by the Hungarian struggle, in the world of book writing and selling. To make the most of it, the most miscellaneous wares that can claim any reference to Hungary are hastily made up and set afloat on the full tide of general sympathy. In the way of translation, Hungarian legends, novels, adventures, biographies, poems—good and bad—are thus coming out all over Europe; and towards them the public will for a time do what is expected,—accept, namely, with little question whatever bears the Hungarian stamp in virtue of the interest felt in the Hungarian cause. In this, however, we cannot always sail with the stream. Literature is of no party; the question for the critic is, whether a given work is or is not good,—not whence it may come. He may very warmly espouse the cause of Magyar freedom without being therefore bound to admire what he may find flat or barbarous in Magyar poetry. Indeed—if there be many such "best specimens" of it as we have now in hand—he may find a new reason for wishing success to all efforts for Hungarian independence, in the hope that it might produce, with other advantages, an improved state of culture, in which it would be impossible for bad poems, founded on clumsy and absurd fictions, to become "universally popular."

The poem of 'The Hero János' is said to be the production most proper to convey to readers in Western Europe an idea of the quality of "one of the chief, or at all events the most popular, among the hundred poets of modern Hungary." Petösi, says his German translator, is the favourite writer of the people. 'The

Hero János' their favourite of all his poems; "because it is quite in the manner of the storytellers who recite their legends in the lonely tavern or by the watch-fire:—to which, after reading the poem, we must add,—to hearers in mental condition little above the wanderers who find the like amusement in a Tartar bivouac. For this "favourite tale" is a mere string of absurd adventures. It begins, indeed, on the real ground of a Magyar peasant's life; but soon shoots off into rambling expeditions in aid of inconceivable kings, dragon flights through the air, and encounters with stupid giants,—concluding in fairy land:—and in all these differs from children's books only by a want of the fancy that renders most of them in some degree poetic. This bastard kind of fiction can be pleasing only to very dull and ignorant minds in our day. All others will detect the absence of that *quasi* truth which pervades the wildest of such tales as were really born of the love of the marvellous and dazzling among a rude and poor people. Those will always interest intelligent readers, as the first lispsings of poetry on untutored lips. They often attest the purity of their origin by traits of energy or pathos striking and moving in themselves, however strangely accompanied. But the modern who attempts the like inventions without any faith in the wonders which he relates or part in the life they belong to, may indeed caricature the poverty and unreason of early fables, but will seldom imitate their proper beauties; while, should he try to trick them out with ornaments in a more advanced style, he is pretty sure to spoil the effect of both. This, at all events, is the result in the poem of 'The Hero János.'

What we hear of the author, Alexander Petösi (in Magyar, Petösi-Sándor), would not justify very high expectations. That his father was a butcher (at Kunzentmiklos) is no ground of prejudice:—many good poets and good men have risen from less promising beginnings. But we are told that he was "a disorderly student, who would learn nothing;" and that, "in consequence of some acts of misconduct, he went as a common soldier into the Austrian service." At length, his discharge having been bought, he re-appeared in his native country—as a "strolling actor"—some time before his first volumes of poems were printed at Pesth, in 1844 and 1845. He married (in 1847) "his second love," the daughter of a land-steward at Szarhmar,—became an admired "public speaker"—"in several political clubs and in the open streets" after March 1848,—and soon was elected a Deputy. Some time in 1849 he joined the national army,—was adjutant to Bem,—and fell, according to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in one of the combats of that year. But this, says the German biographer, his friends do not believe.—Such is the substance of the account which he gives of Petösi; and it will be seen that neither the character nor the course of life that it describes promised much for the accomplishment of a poet.

The hero of the "favourite poem" is a founding; herds sheep for a farmer, whose wife has brought him up,—is turned away for losing half his flock while making love to Iluska, his pretty neighbour,—and sets out to make his way in the world. He first falls into robbers' hands: is admitted, for his courage in defying their threats, as one of the gang; but takes occasion the same night, when all are buried in drunken sleep (no watch being kept), to kill every man,—and wanders on. After roaming "seventy and seven times" up and down the kingdom, he meets with a troop of hussars, bound on an expedition to succour the French against the Turks,—is admitted as one of them, and rides away with the rest. From this point

all regard journey to through "where Poland, French is has been is promise day, there quite co snatches who is fly her hand a treasure ward, inter which he storm. H both his mounts h completes has died her grave forth once On this ex strosities; until he re a lake, i regret for on her gr so end hi be the " to Iluska joy as K line of th in which we have any poet All else strong to exciting all dange torious, feel the piece is verses (the Germ version a no less r of the s turesque rustic bu song,— poetical. We s idea of pears in the origi Herr K closely, can say him,—e which h The c near his

all regard for nature and probability ceases. The journey takes the most unaccountable direction: through the Tartar kingdom, — into Italy, "where it is always winter," — thence, by Poland, into India. Here the king of the French is found, hard pressed. His daughter has been carried off by the Turks: — her hand is promised to whoever shall rescue her. Next day, the handful of Magyar hussars defeat quite easily the countless army of Turks. János matches the lady from the arms of a chief who is flying from the lost battle: but refuses her hand for Iluska's sake, accepting instead a treasure of gold. With this, he turns homeward, intending to marry his beloved. The ship which he sails in is lost, with all his gold, in a storm. He reaches the shore by "clinging with both his hands to the clouds," — finds a griffin, mounts him, and by dint of vigorous spurring completes the rest of his journey. But Iluska has died in his absence. He plucks a rose from her grave, conceals it in his bosom, and goes forth once more on his travels, hoping for death. On this expedition he finds giants and other monstrosities; all of which he attacks and subdues, — until he reaches Fairyland. There he approaches a lake, into which, in an excess of poignant regret for Iluska, he throws the rose gathered on her grave, intending to plunge after it, and so end his sorrows. But the pool turns out to be the "Water of Life": — the rose is changed to Iluska, and János lives with her in endless joy as King of the Fairies. Such is a bare outline of the tale: — which belongs to no time, — in which the realities of place are treated as we have seen, — in which the only motive of any poetical worth is the incident of the rose. All else is a confusion of aimless marvels, strung together without skill, and not even exciting by any show of apparent difficulty. In all dangers the brave Magyar is so easily victorious, that nobody after the first encounter can feel the least anxiety for his fate. The whole piece is of the rudest composition; and the verses (unrhymed Trochaics), if we may credit the German translation with the literal truth of version and character which it professes, are often no less rough and prosaic than is the treatment of the subject. The ornaments meant for picturesque figures and imagery have little of the rustic but spontaneous grace of true popular song, — but are rather borrowings from worn-out poetical finery of modern times.

We subjoin an extract, which will give some idea of the best passage of the poem — as it appears in German. How truly that may represent the original, is a question we cannot answer. Herr Kertbeny declares that he has followed it closely, both in substance and in manner. All we can say is, that we have pretty closely followed him, — except in lines of extreme harshness, which have been sometimes softened a little.

The Griffin, just exhausted, sets János down near his own village. —

János then dismounted: left him
To his fate, and hastened onward,
Deeply sunk in thoughtful musing.
"Gold, indeed, I bring not hither;
Bring with me no wealth nor treasure;
But the old heart, true as ever —
This I bring: — nor wilt thou, dearest,
Ask for more than this, Iluska!
Thou, I know, art now, as ever,
Long and sadly waiting for me."
Thus reflecting, came he further
To the village: there were wagons
Many sounding in his hearing,
Many creaking carts, and barrels
On them rattled — for with vintage
Then the villagers were busy.
Yet he paid no heed to any
Of the village folk; and these, too,
Knew the wanderer's face no longer.
So he went along the wider
Village street, the cottage seeking
Where Iluska had her dwelling.
How his hand shook when he laid it
On the door! — the life breath nearly
Stopped its motion in his bosom. —

Till at last he opened. Yonder
In the hall, where once Iluska
Sate, he saw but stranger faces!
"I have, sure, the place mistaken,"
To himself he said, astonished:
— And the latch was raised already
To return. "Whom seeks your worship?"
Asked, with gentle voice, a maiden,
Soft and trim, of Hero Janos.
— Answering quickly, János told her
Whom and what he there was seeking.
"Ha! I'll eat your heart! How tawny
Suns have burned you! Truly, truly,
Scarcely I could again have known you."
Thus exclaimed the girl, — so sudden
Her surprise, — and all but speechless.
"Hasten in at once, — God's blessing
Be upon you! There when entered
I can tell you what has happened."
— So she led him to the chamber,
In the arm-chair placed she Janos;
Then, beside him seated, further
Spoke she thus: — "I see you do not
Know me now. I seem a stranger,
Yet you knew me once, the little
Neighbour's daughter, who so often
Came to see her friend, Iluska."
— "Do but say at once where is she,
My Iluska?" — Thus impatient,
János broke upon her talking.
But the maiden's eyes were moistened
Now with tears. — "Where is Iluska?"
— "Where? Alas! poor brother Janos!
Ilus! — she — in fine, is buried!"
— "Well that János was not standing,
But upon the arm-chair seated,
Else he surely must have fallen."
'Twas as if the grief had struck him
Dumb and lame with mere amazement.
Quick he fumbled at his bosom,
Even as though he'd tear the sorrow
From his heart, — while slowly groaning.
Thus he gazed awhile in silence,
Stunned outright; then on the sudden
Spoke, as one that starts from dreaming.

To exhibit the barren places or extravagances of the story would give no pleasure and produce but small profit. It must suffice to say, that the former take up two-thirds of the whole, — and that in the latter the improbabilities, however absurd, are not in the least amusing.

Those who have read Bowring's specimens of the genuine vulgar song of the Magyars, will remember that in these poetic elements do not much abound. That collection, indeed — supposing the instances fairly chosen — may be said to show the barest stock, perhaps, in all finer qualities of national poetry of any that have been formed of popular lays and ditties indigenous in other parts of Europe. But writers who now compose in this vein — natural only when the poet shares with his audience the impressions of a very rude stage of culture — are less likely to reach whatever excellence the species may have had, just in proportion as they belong in any given degree to a more advanced station and age. This we have felt in reading Petösi. He cannot properly be ranked with the unsophisticated bards of a quite uncivilized race, — while he falls very far short indeed of the stature which modern cultivation demands from the poet who would live in our own day.

NEW NOVELS.

Merkland: a Story of Scottish Life. By the Author of 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland.' 3 vols. Colburn.

ONE or two eccentrics in Miss Bremer's novels excepted, we are acquainted with no figure in the fiction of any other country at all resembling the North British woman of a certain age as painted by the domestic novelists of Scotland. Sharp and shrewd — sometimes a keen litigant — as often keener in theological polemics — for the most part economical in her habits — amenable to no new-fangled codes of airs and graces, but with high notions of propriety and breeding, — stiffened-up to no common stiffness, — with family traditions and ancestral pride — caustic in tongue, tender in heart, and capriciously generous in hand — the being who stands before our mind's eye, and has served for type to the Galts, the Ferriars, the Johnstones, and many besides, seems to us a figure

as national as the London Citizen or the Prebendary of a cathedral town. Of all real things and persons the world is disposed to accept any number of pictures, provided there be slight variations in detail. How many imitations of 'Robinson Crusoe' have we seen! — the worst of them not utterly unreadable. What a *Werther* tribe did Goethe pour loose on the world in his day! We are now going the round of the families *Weller* and *Sharp* and *Eyre*: and — to arrive at the immediate field of our labours — we are as glad to meet with the heroine of 'Merkland,' Mistress Catherine Douglas, as if there had been never before a *Leddy Grippy*, never before a *Miss Girzy*, brought to light by a clan of shrewd and peculiar, yet not ungenial, workers in fiction.

The *Athenæum* was one of the first to recognize in *Mistress Margaret Maitland* an old-world quaintness and gentle pathos truly welcome in days like these. It would seem as if in her second venture the author of that story had tried to add to those gifts the excitements of wonder and strong interest, — and in some measure she has succeeded. The efforts of Anne Ross to clear the fame of her brother cannot be watched without as much trust as curiosity: — the trust naturally engendered by her steadfast determination, — the curiosity adroitly kept alive by the far-scattered traces which serve as her clue and taper through the maze and through the "mirk midnight." From the moment that "the elf Jacky" got mixed up in her affairs, we were comfortably assured that good must ensue, and the desired revelations be made in some odd way or at some unexpected moment. Having thus credited the author with a satisfactory measure of constructive power (which time and practice probably will ripen and consolidate) we must fall back upon our former praise of her as commanding fine feeling for character. Here, besides the excellent and devoted Anne mentioned above, — whose pet name "Gowan," that of a bright way-side flower, is not unjustly bestowed on her, — and Alison, the delicate little beauty — and the good fairy Mrs. Catherine Douglas, — we have to note as a character the tomboy Marjory Falconer: whose boisterous audacity is nicely discriminated from the impudent coarseness of those triumphant hoydens whom we should be only too happy to hand over in a squadron to Mrs. Ellis to be duly dealt with as seemeth best to her matronly propriety. The men are less distinctly touched. — Archie, the spendthrift, is too immediately reclaimed, — Lewis, the self-engrossed, is too easily melted, — and Patrick Lillie too implicitly surrenders to his destiny, without making attempt at rescue or deliverance. But better-practised novelists of the stronger sex are not guiltless of inequalities like these: nor do they amount to a *velo* on our hearty recommendation of 'Merkland,' as a very good novel — promising better ones to come from the hand of its writer.

Bellah: a Tale of La Vendée. From the French.

Edited by the Author of 'Two Old Men's Tales.' Simms & M'Intyre.

THE name of the author of this excellent story — M. Feuillet — ought to have been given. It may be doubted whether the year just entered on will treat us to any tale better after its kind. For the French novelist the struggle in *La Vendée* will always possess attractions similar to those held out to the Scot by the wanderings and wars of "the Young Chevalier." M. Feuillet has here given us ample proof of his ability to combine and work out the picturesque materials of history. Ambuscade — escape — irregular warfare — old houses divided against themselves — love misunderstandings — peasant fidelity — and the affection of military comradeship — are

well grouped and contrasted in 'Bellah. But we shall best prove our praise by detaching a scene. This is an incident in a night-march of a party of suspected Royalists, escorted by a republican troop, through the dangerous and debateable land.—

"What were you telling me, Kado," Hervé resumed, 'about this Valley of the Groac'h, as you call it?'—'I said it was haunted, my master.'—'Haunted! what does that mean, colonel?' asked Francis.—'It means, my dear lieutenant, that Old Nick, otherwise called the Devil, holds a royal court in this valley, and that you may probably see him capering about in the moonshine with the groac'h, which means the fairies, and with the korandons, who are tiny little citizens, sorcerers by trade!'—'Good!' returned Francis, laughing; 'we shall have a good laugh then. I am truly enchanted.'—A gesture and exclamation from the forester, who had suddenly stopped, silenced the young man. The little cavalcade had accomplished about two-thirds of the descent, and was slowly following the winding and precipitous path, which had degenerated into a perfect staircase of rocks. In spite of their confidence in their steeds, which, like all the horses of that mountainous country, were as sure-footed as the mules of the Spanish sierras, the women and even the soldiers, devoting all their attention to the difficulties of the road, travelled on in perfect silence, so that the guide's exclamation, and the conversation which followed, was heard and commented on even by the rearmost files of the column.—Kado had stopped, shading his eyes with his hand, and stretching out his head in the attitude of a man who seeks to confirm the truth of some important event.—'What is the matter?' asked Hervé, in a low voice.—'I was deceived,' answered Kado, 'and I think heaven that I was, for although I have never seen anything of the sort with my own eyes.'—He again stopped abruptly, and trembling in every limb, as if he were agitated with the most violent fear. 'No! no! I was not deceived; it is them! Hush, my master!'—Pelven and the whole party listened, and soon heard distinctly the noise of hollow and regular blows, resembling the sound which would be made by a hammer falling upon a wooden anvil. The blows ceased at intervals, and then began again with the same strength. Similar noises were heard at the same time rising from different parts of the valley.—'What the deuce sort of noise is that?' asked Francis.—'It is like women beating linen!'—'Yes,' answered the forester, in a grave and melancholy voice, 'they are washing the clothes of the departed; and he uncovered his head, raised his eyes to heaven, and began to pray in a low voice. Hervé was painfully embarrassed; he felt the necessity of putting an end to this scene, which might have a contagious effect upon the women's minds, and even upon the understanding of some of his soldiers; but he could not bear to take any violent measures against the man with whom he had just renewed his former friendship. In the midst of his irresolution, he felt his arm lightly pressed.—'Dear brother,' whispered Andrée's caring voice, 'I will scold me, I know, but I must tell you that I am dreadfully nervous. They must be the *lavandières de la nuit*. Don't you think so?'—'Hush! hush, you little fool!' answered Hervé, laughing; then bending down to the forester's ear, 'my good Kado,' said he, in a low voice, 'move on, I entreat you. Do not terrify my sister.'—Kado looked at the young man for a moment, hesitatingly, and drew a long sigh, after which he walked on, praying with the rosary in his fingers. Hervé then turned to his soldiers: 'My good fellows,' cried he, gaily, 'it appears that there are some *ci-devant* washerwomen down there; but you know the republican declares there is nothing of the kind now; therefore, forward!'—'Colonel,' answered Bruidoux, 'here's Colibri, who will undertake to give them some work with his six dozen pairs of silk stockings.'—Re-assured as to the spirit of his men, by the laughter with which the sergeant's pleasantry was received, Colonel Hervé resumed his place near Francis with more tranquillity. However, as they came nearer to the foot of the hill, the extraordinary sounds which proceeded from the deserted valley became much more distinct, resembling exactly the peculiar noise of a beetle on wet linen, and at times

the harsher sound of the wood striking against a stone.—'May I ask you, colonel,' said Francis, 'what exact species of animal, now, may be termed a *lavandière* in art magic?'—'The *lavandières*, lieutenant, are diabolical women, who at midnight make a grand washing of all the shrouds of their friends. It is said that they beg the passers-by to assist them in wringing out the linen; and in that case, the only possible safety lies in carefully twisting on the same side as the ladies themselves do, for if one were to twist the contrary way he would be inevitably crushed to pieces.'—'Aha!' cried Francis, 'much obliged for your warning, colonel. I should like to know, now, to what cause you attribute the ridiculous noise which strikes on our ear; for although the fog is rising, and the moon shining full upon the valley, I really see no appearance of any habitation?'—'True; but there is a portion of the valley which we cannot see from this, by reason of this rock which we are rounding. A shepherd-boy, striking with a stick upon those stones, would be sufficient to make such a noise.'—'Upon my word, I can scarcely think so, colonel, unless you imagine at least a dozen shepherd-boys at work, with a dozen very thick sticks.'—'Might there not be a waterfall round the point?'—'No waterfall ever made such a noise as this. It is very strange after all. Don't you think there is a strong smell of brimstone about, Pelven?'—'Our ears are very apt to deceive us at night,' said Hervé, answering his own thoughts. 'These blows are really extraordinary. Do you believe in spirits, Francis?'—'I am beginning to do so a little, colonel. Really, it is quite absurd, but I am getting rather nervous.'—'Hush! keep it to yourself then, at least, my boy. But, to tell the truth, I was beginning to get a little nervous too, had I not found out the riddle. This valley has an echo, which repeats the sound of the horses' feet upon the stones; I have heard as distinct an echo twenty times before, and.'—'On my life!' exclaimed Francis, '*lavandières* or demons, there they are!'

"The two officers had rounded the point of the rock which till now had concealed a part of the valley from their sight. Hervé directed his eyes towards the spot which Francis pointed out, and saw with amazement, at a distance of about a hundred yards, a group of women clothed in white, some on their knees before the pools of water, the others appearing to spread out the linen upon the tufts of marshy grass. A few stifled exclamations and confused murmurs acquainted Hervé, at the same instant, that the women and the soldiers had also discovered this strange spectacle. 'Hallo, Colibri!' said Bruidoux, 'now is the time to get your silk stockings out of your portmanteau.'—'Hervé,' cried Andrée, throwing her arms round her brother, 'in the name of heaven, what is this?'—'They are Chouans, my dear. I was warned that I should find these gentle here. Stay here, and fear nothing.' As he finished this speech, which was designed to calm his sister's superstitious terrors by suggesting apprehensions of some positive danger, Hervé thought he saw the canoness make a sudden gesture of astonishment, and look at him with a penetrating glance. This glance revived all his half-forgotten suspicions: he bent down towards Francis, and said hastily, 'See! the canoness shows no anxiety: it is some snare!'—'Ah! so much the better!' answered the latter, drawing a long breath. 'Shall we charge them, colonel?' The two young men, turning round with some curiosity to look into the valley, saw that the *lavandières* were continuing their work apparently without taking any notice of the republican detachment. The soldiers became a little unsteady. 'This has lasted long enough,' muttered Hervé. 'My lads,' said he, aloud, 'we will soon make them fold up their linen. Make ready, Ladies, and you too, Kado, get behind the rocks, I entreat you.' The rattle of the ramrods in the barrels of the muskets was heard, and the two officers, having formed their men into a compact body, advanced on the damp soil of the valley. As the soldiers approached the nocturnal workwomen, whether it were an illusion produced by the moon's uncertain light, or arising from the peculiar disposition of their minds at that moment, they plainly perceived that the shape and stature of these unknown beings gradually increased to a size really supernatural. They were not more than forty paces from them when the strange group suddenly abandoned their work and com-

menced dancing an extraordinary round, accompanied by a kind of low incantation, like the humming of bees in a hive. Hervé commanded a halt. 'Hallo! you there!' cried he; '*qui vive!*' Then, after a short silence, 'I warn you, whatever you may be, that I will not expose a single one of my men in such a mad affair. Present, soldiers!'—'I look out now for broken crowns!' muttered Bruidoux. But the *lavandières* continued their dance and mysterious chant, without heeding this appeal. 'Fire!' cried Hervé. As soon as the smoke had dispersed a little, and the soldiers could see the effect of their volley, a peal of laughter echoed through the ranks. All the actresses in this fantastic ballet were seen stretched at full length and motionless upon the ground, not unlike so many white table-cloths exposed to the night-dew. 'That will teach them,' said Bruidoux, 'not to dance unseasonable dances by moonlight.' But Hervé, rather suspicious of so complete a success, ordered the muskets to be reloaded, and commanded the grenadiers to keep their ranks, after which the detachment moved on, preceded by the two young officers. They had not advanced ten paces, when suddenly the white shapes, which were lying pell-mell upon the ground, rose up in a body and trotted across the plain, jumping and frisking with an air of great vitality. 'Forward, Francis!' cried Hervé; 'after them, full gallop; and you, my men, chase them as you think best.' As he spoke he dashed his spurs into his horse's side, and sprang forward side by side with the young lieutenant upon the traces of the fugitives. Unfortunately the soil of the valley was marshy, and the horses sank almost at every step into mud-holes, which the phantoms had either had the wit, or possessed sufficient acquaintance with the spot, to avoid. The grenadiers rushed in disorder after their leaders, and the chase, frequently interrupted, and accompanied by a concert of cries, shouts, curses, and peals of laughter, added another strange scene to those of which the haunted valley had been the theatre. The troop of *lavandières* having reached the extremity of the valley, half running, half dancing, began to climb the bank upon the top of which were placed the huge mass of ruins. Hervé and Francis redoubled their efforts; and had at last the pleasure of feeling the firmer ground of the hill-side under their horses' hoofs. Pelven was a few steps in advance of his friend. 'Wait for me, colonel!' exclaimed Francis; and seeing that Hervé, without listening, went on scaling the bank, 'beware!' cried he, 'you will get into some mess!' There may be a hundred Chouans up there for aught you know!'—'If there were a hundred thousand, with the great Chouan himself at their head,' answered Hervé, who was maddened past all endurance, 'I swear I will charge them.' At the same instant, the young colonel reached the top of the ascent, and perceiving the *lavandières* only a pistol-shot off, he gave a shout of triumph; for upon the level ground of the table-land the struggle became greatly in favour of the horsemen. The fugitives, finding themselves hard pressed, made a turn to the right, and fled as fast as they could towards the ruins; but Francis foreseeing this manœuvre, had, as he was climbing the hill, taken ground in the same direction, and Pelven saw him suddenly appear at a short distance off, riding in such a way as to cut off the *lavandières*, who were thus hemmed in between the two officers. Hervé now perceived them disappear behind a portion of the wall which stood apart, and which was surrounded by the remains of an exterior postern of the castle, but could not perceive them emerge on the other side. Francis was disappointed in the same manner. 'They are hidden behind that wall!' cried he. A few seconds after, leaping their horses over the ruins, they met from opposite sides behind the solitary wall; but all traces of the *lavandières* had disappeared. They dismounted, knelt upon the ground, and proceeded to examine the spot, lifting up the rubbish and striking the earth with the pomels of their sabres; but whether it was that the night, which had become darker, prevented their success, or whether they were mistaken in attributing this sudden disappearance to the natural course of events, it is certain they could discover nothing which might explain in a natural manner this disagreeable conclusion to their pursuit.

The translation before us seems carefully

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executed. It makes up the fifty-first volume of that excellently conducted work, 'The Parlor Library.'

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The History of St. Giles and St. James. Part I.—We have before us the first part, to be followed by a similar part every month, of the fine story of 'St. Giles and St. James,'—being the first instalment of a collected edition of the works of Mr. Douglas Jerrold. This issue is welcome, not only for the intrinsic and durable quality of the writings which are to compose it—than which few things that have appeared in our age in the range of imaginative literature can boast of finer veins of thought or more original soarings of fancy,—but also on account of the difficulties which have long beset the collector of contemporary literature in the attempt to obtain the various dramas, essays, sketches, and tales which constitute Mr. Jerrold's "works." The re-issue is cheap, handsome, and of convenient size. The type is inclosed in thin border lines, and extends across the page. The whole collection, it is said, will comprise about six volumes, and will be divided into—1, Novels; 2, Tales; 3, Essays; and 4, Comedies and Dramas. We suppose these volumes will include a selection of choice bits from the back volumes of *Punch*—as well as the 'Caudle Lectures,' 'Punch's Letters to his Son,' and other matters which have been already reprinted from its pages. There must be a large public of readers who will be glad to get these writings in this cheap and compact form.

The King of the Golden River; or, the Black Brothers: a Legend of Styria. Illustrated by Richard Doyle.—Except Hans Christian Andersen's, there have been few modern fairy tales more charming than this. Mr. Richard Doyle seems to have found its spell a strong one,—since his illustrations are excellent. Never was anything more streamy, wild, and flowing than his South-West Wind,—of all visitors to a snug farm-house one of the most comfortless guests ever devised by the brain of fairy-tale maker intent on preaching love, good-nature and charity. Gluck must have been a lad of no ordinary kindness to have given to a caller so dripping his share of the roast mutton. Then, the search for the golden river by Gluck's two brutal brothers, in the vain hope of bettering the fortunes which they had ruined by their rudeness, is no less capably told. In brief, besides a right wholesome moral, we find here a poetical fancy, high and wide and genial, which at once distinguishes this tale from the many halt and blind and stammering productions that, professing to come from fairy-land, are in reality merely the odds and ends from the scrap-books of second-rate authors, unable to create anything probable, and who fancy that a monster may be made to pass for something original. As another distinction decisive of its merit, let us add that this story has a coherence—or call it rather a common sense—without which there can be no work of Art, even supposing the subject be wild as a dream and remote in its scene as "the stately pleasure-dome" of Kubla Khan. To quote from this excellent story would serve no good end; it being no tale of scenes nor of painted paragraphs. But we are sure that no one capable of enjoying a sport of Fancy will, after perusal, consider that we are extravagant in recommending it as, of its kind, first-rate; a book not for Christians only, but for every other sense,—a book, too, for readers of all ages.

Eastbury: a Tale. By Anna Harriet Drury, Authoress of 'Friends and Fortune.'—The inn and the heavy night-coach or mercurial mail, so long offering to novelists a starting-point hard to fix and hard to vary, have given place to the railway platform and the first-class carriage. In the opening pages of 'Eastbury,' the two heroines, Julia and Beatrice, make their appearance on the iron road; and almost ere we arrive at the first station it is revealed that the latter lives under the tyranny of a pair of the most domineering persons who ever made life desolate and youth desperate. Rarely a victim with rope round her neck so plainly exhibited at such short notice:—and eager novel readers will at once gather themselves up and sit

down prepared to undergo a thoroughly hard wringing. Again, betwixt the station and Julia's house, we have a glimpse of the good Genius of the novel—a perfect, Rev. Mr. Revis; under the shelter of whose infallibility the timid are invited to sit, and by the fervour of whose energy the lukewarm are to be animated into becoming useful citizens. Well would it be for life could difficulty be thus planned smooth,—could crime be thus charmed into nonentity,—could doubt be thus set at rest—by human agencies of such infallibility! But the proof that the panacea is somehow or other an unreal thing may be seen in the fact that tale after tale comes out propounding it, each having a perfect Pastor for central figure,—while still we cannot perceive that the world is much the better for their coming.

The Mirror of Maidens in the Days of Queen Bess. By Mrs. Sherwood and her Daughter, Mrs. Streeten.

—This story is more to our taste than the generality of its predecessors from the same hand:—yet is it hardly so much a story as a long-drawn scene in which the costly preparations made at a country-house for the reception of Queen Elizabeth on a progress, frame—so to say—the discomfiture of a haughty damsel and the distinction of her humble friend. But the triumph of Kate in the grace of the Virgin Queen is not of long duration,—for she happens to be the daughter of a gentleman who was disgraced for political adventures, and the fact of her parentage is, by envy, made to explode at the precise moment when she seems on the top of the wave of court favour. The intent of the authoress has been, to show that the most glorious earthly pomps and vanities only shine like rotten wood.

But we confess that the part of the tale best to our liking is—before the retribution begins—the somewhat prosy catalogue of splendour and luxuries accumulated for the entertainment of *Oriana*. Did we represent the public whose approval is courted by this novel, our verdict might be thought to describe failure,—whereas it means to register praise.

Acts of Archbishop Colton on his Metropolitan Visitation of the Diocese of Derry, A.D. 1397, &c. with an Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. W. Reeves, D.D.—This work—printed for the Irish Archaeological Society—is almost exclusively calculated for Irish antiquaries; relating as it does to a diocese of the sister country, and containing little of general interest. At the same time we are far from denying its importance within particular limits; and there is no doubt that it has been extremely well edited by Dr. Reeves,—who, we see by an inscription at the back of the title-page, presented it to the members of the Irish Archaeological Society. John Colton, or de Colton, took an important part in Irish affairs in the latter half of the fourteenth century. He was appointed Lord Treasurer in 1373, Lord Chancellor in 1379, and Lord Justice in 1381; in the next year he became Archbishop of Armagh. He did not die until 1404. He was an Englishman by birth, a native of Norfolk,—was educated at Cambridge,—and became rector of Torrington, where he was born. Much is not known of the events of his life beyond what we have stated; and the chief part of Dr. Reeves's introduction to this volume consists of discussions on facts connected with Irish visitations. The editor's notes are copious and learned; and he has spared no pains with his book,—to which a very complete index is subjoined.

A Letter to the Rev. William Goode, M.A., containing an Examination of his 'Capacitating Conditions,' together with a Comment on the famous Passage from Hooker, quoted by the Judicial Committee. By the Rev. John Richardson.—Mr. Richardson gives a curious reason for addressing this lucubration to Mr. Goode,—because "as a letter, it must be addressed to some one," and because he "happens not to have a personal enemy in the world who denies the doctrine of baptismal regeneration." This is the fitting prelude to what follows. We speak not of the argument—that is beyond our jurisdiction,—but of the literary and logical mode of stating it. It is many a day since we have seen the courtesies of speech and the gravities of the theme so irreverently invaded as they are

by these combatants. We know not that the worst of scoffers have ever dealt with sacred mysteries so outrageously as is here done by Mr. Richardson. The initiated do certainly allow themselves to take liberties in such matters which would not be thought decent in the profane.

India, Ancient and Modern; or, the History of Hindostan, Civil and Military, from the earliest period to the Annexation of the Punjab to the British Empire in the Year 1849. This little volume of sixty pages forms one of the series known as the "New Library of Useful Knowledge." The compilation is not only full of errors, but is altogether a mistake. The History of British Hindustan is a library in itself. But here is professedly an account of that vast peninsula, from the earliest times downward—including political events, the geography of the country, its geology, natural history, climate, soil, minerals, and so forth—all compressed into half an hour's reading. This is knowledge made rather too easy.—The work is about as interesting as a page of the London Directory.

A Common Sense View of the Treatment of Criminals. By Joseph Kingmill, M.A.—The Rev. Mr. Kingmill is Government chaplain to the new prison at Pentonville; and that institution having been much attacked of late on the score of its expense and its failure, he comes forward with a defence:—his chief topics being, the allegations of Mr. Hepworth Dixon and those of the City Solicitor. A few weeks ago our readers had a brief picture of Pentonville, as it stands in contrast with the ragged school dormitory in Fox's Court:—so far as abuse and extravagance of the kind there described can be defended, Mr. Kingmill succeeds. But he does not venture to deny a single fact then stated in the *Athenæum*,—although Mr. Dixon and Mr. Pearson had both made objections to the prison in similar terms. The great questions in dispute between the advocates of the "social" and those of the "reprobate" systems are quietly set aside by Mr. Kingmill.—We venture to think that the weakness of this defence will do more to prejudice the experiment of Pentonville than even the direct attacks of its adversaries.

Arithmetic, Rules and Reasons. By J. H. Bowdman, M.A.—Of the value of Mr. Bowdman's reasons for his rules we are unable to speak in favourable terms. We pity the unfortunate school-boy who is condemned to accept as valid grounds for the mathematical faith that is in him the so-called reasons contained in Mr. Bowdman's pages. We were satisfied on this head by our first glance at the book,—which happened to fall upon the reason for the rule of simple proportion. The author is not much happier in his definitions than in his reasons. At page 9 we are told that "Division is simply subtraction when the same number has to be subtracted as many times as possible and we are required to find the number of times;"—and again, at page 20, that "Division is finding a less quantity which is contained a required number of times in a given quantity."—Considering that arithmetic is in most cases the first process or opportunity for logical training which is offered to the youthful mind, a responsibility attaches to the production of any new work on the subject which should not be lightly undertaken. As a practical work teaching by mere routine, the present treatise has no claim to supersede those at present in use:—as a work professing to explain principles with even a tolerable degree of accuracy, it must be pronounced an utter failure.

Crime and its Causes. A Reply to the Attacks of the 'Morning Chronicle' on the London Ragged Schools.—A writer in the *Morning Chronicle* having in a series of articles assailed the Ragged Schools, as "houses of call for thieves," "nurseries of crime," and so on—the Society puts forth in this permanent form the refutation of his errors and misrepresentations. At the time when these attacks were made, we felt certain, reasoning from our own knowledge of the institution, gained by frequent visits, and from the general law of moral action, that they could not be maintained,—and the reply now put out officially contains a specific contradiction of every assertion adverse to the beneficial working of these schools. Beyond a statement of this fact, we refrain from making any remarks on the quarrel

as between "commissioner" and committee. The charge and the defence are both before us; and we owed it to our readers—considering the frequency with which we have urged their support of such institutions—not to pass this answer by without recording our conviction that the Ragged Schools are vindicated from the hasty and ill-founded charges that were made against them.

Popular Mineralogy; comprising a Familiar Account of Minerals and their Uses. By Henry Sowerby.—This work is a very acceptable addition to those already published on this very important subject. It is somewhat curious, that with the advancing importance of the mineral wealth of the United Kingdom, the study of Mineralogy should have been allowed to fall out of fashion. We use this expression advisedly:—being convinced that fashion rules in the realms of science with a sway not unlike that which it exercises in the adornment of the female form. Geology and paleontology have gained an ascendancy by offering so much that is new, wonderful and speculative, that the more exact science has been neglected. There appears, however, to be an awakening of taste in this direction,—which is in a great measure due to the desire that has been loudly expressed of rendering those metals available to the uses of man which have not hitherto possessed any marketable value beyond that which they acquired as specimens for the cabinets of the curious. Mr. Sowerby has endeavoured to throw around his subject every attraction. His work is fully and carefully illustrated with coloured plates,—many of which are remarkable for their fidelity. Minerals are difficult subjects to copy; but the author—in this instance his own illustrator—has shown considerable artistic skill. The descriptions are for the most part clear, and sufficient for the class for whom the work is intended.—We confess, we are not always satisfied with the author's physics; and we think his work would not have lost any of its popular character if he had been more sparing of his poetical quotations:—a great many of which are rendered applicable to the subject only by applying a very wide, and often a far-fetched, meaning. For the young mineralogist—whether he collects in the field of nature, or only studies in the cabinet—we know, however, of no better book.

Dictionary of Geography, Descriptive, Physical, Statistical, and Historical; forming a complete General Gazetteer of the World. By Alex. Keith Johnston.—Mr. Johnston's geographical studies had well prepared him for such an undertaking as is completed in this huge and closely printed volume of fifteen hundred pages. The labour represented is immense; for even a cursory examination of the work convinces us that it is not a compilation from works of a similar kind already existing.—A system of abbreviation, not difficult to learn and easily referred to when forgotten, helps the compression of materials. Altogether, this is not only the newest, but the most accurate and comprehensive gazetteer that we possess.

Diary of a Tour through the Northern States of the Union and Canada. By Major John Thornton.—Though books abound on America—as Major John Thornton deplures—he could not help adding another to the stock. A worse and a duller it is not often our misfortune to fall in with.

The Commercial Handbook of Chemical Analysis. By A. Normandy.—Dr. Normandy has not fully realized in this publication his own idea:—at least such appears to us to be the fact, after having carefully read his preface and examined his work. The object stated is, "to indicate the various falsifications or impurities which naturally, accidentally, or intentionally, may contaminate the various articles met with in commerce, and to enable the manufacturer, the miner, the trader, and the public generally to detect the nature and amount of these sophistications and impurities,—or, in other words, to ascertain the real or intrinsic value of such articles." To realize this idea was a far more difficult task than, on commencing it, Dr. Normandy probably anticipated:—seeing that scarcely one man of a hundred in either of the classes named is capable of executing the most simple chemical experiment given in this work.

This implies no deficiency of ability in any of these classes in their particular lines; but to know how to make a correct examination of a sophisticated article we must submit to a long training in the laboratory. Chemistry cannot be taught by books; and therefore in directing his book "to the public generally" as a guide, our author has made a mistake. Such a work as this was required by the manufacturing chemist and the wholesale and retail druggist,—and to those classes it is valuable as presenting at once easy methods for ascertaining the amount of adulteration in a great number of the articles of commerce. Since the adulterations are often effected previously to importation, it is convenient to find a handbook which will at once guide to the character of the deterioration and give a test for its detection.

The Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851:—its importance to the Working Classes. Re-printed from 'The Family Friend.'—A series of articles on the forthcoming Exhibition as it stands in relation to the working classes. The writer is ornate and rhapsodical in dwelling on what appears to be a fixed and favourite idea with him; but he affords no new information as to the wants or contributions of the artisans in whose name he professes to speak, and says not a word on the question which now chiefly occupies their attention—the protection, if any, to be afforded to their inventions. He is zealous, however, in the cause; and zeal excuses, as charity covers, a multitude of sins, omitted or committed. We have no doubt that there may be some thousands of readers among working men whose feelings may be roused by such an appeal.

A Treatise on Dynamics. By W. P. Wilson, M.A.—The author sets out with informing us that "Mechanics is the science which treats of the effects produced by force acting on material bodies. When the different forces acting on any body counteract each other, so that, the body remains at rest, the forces are said to be in equilibrium. The consideration of the conditions to which the forces must be subject, that this may be the case, is the object of the science of Statics. When these conditions are not fulfilled by the forces, the body will not remain at rest." So that we have Professor Wilson's authority for crediting that, when the conditions required to be fulfilled, in order that a body may remain at rest, are not fulfilled, then and in such case the body will move,—or, to preserve the very words of the text, "will not remain at rest" (!) This introductory marvel may be taken as a not very unfair specimen of the habit of thinking and writing by routine which is the natural result of the cramming and cramming system of studying mathematics too much in vogue at the University of Cambridge. Apart from this and similar infelicitous attempts at general explanations, the work is a tolerably judicious compilation—and in a form (which is the saving merit of the best order of Cambridge text-books) well calculated to imprint itself on the memory—of the ordinary theorems relating to "the motion of particles and the simpler cases of the motion of bodies of finite magnitude." It should have been termed an elementary treatise on the subject; and when we have allowed to it the merit of neatness in arrangement and form, we have said all that can be said in its favour. It has no pretensions to originality of any kind,—and is probably neither better nor worse than would have been turned out by one out of every ten newly-emerged Cambridge wranglers who might feel inclined to venture on publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aspland's (Rev. R.) Memoir of Life, Works, and Correspondence, 18c.
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THE NEW YEAR CHIMES.

"While slowly sound the minute-falls
Like dead leaves on a bier,
Across the deep his spirit calls
Whose voice I may not hear;
The screaming sea-bird shrieks his cry,
The wind takes up his moan;
O year—so full of agony—
When will thy wail be done!"

'Twas thus a pale-browed woman spoke
In her hut by the sounding shore,
As she wistfully gazed where the billows broke
On her lonely threshold-floor—
"Misery, distance, and dark," she cried,
Hide my face from his night,
Even as the Old Year's shadows hide
The dawn of the New Year's light."

Then she rocked to and fro like a pulsing vein
When life is at war with death;
Then, lulled, sat still to listen again
For the young morn's coming breath.—
"The convict ship o'er the foam doth ride,
Speeding on to its distant goal;
But when shall thy chimings, O Love!" she cried,
"Ring the New Year into his soul?"

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

THE Royal Dublin Society is possessed of a valuable library of nearly 20,000 volumes, of which an excellent Catalogue has just been published. Five hundred pounds a year are appropriated out of the parliamentary grant for binding and the purchase of books, besides 200l. a year for a librarian. The books are lodged in a very fine apartment, formerly the state drawing-room of Leinster House,—in a gallery constructed round it,—and in several small upper rooms:—but the large room alone has been used as a reading-room. The members of the Society, about 700 in number, and such other persons as they introduced, had access to the library; the average number of readers being thirty-one a day, or nearly ten thousand in the year. The members had also the privilege of borrowing from the library,—of which they availed themselves to the extent of two or three hundred volumes a month.

Of all these advantages the members and the public have been wholly deprived for more than six months. Since the 20th of June last not a single reader has had admission to any part of the library; not a volume has been lent out:—and this fine collection, which was the most convenient, accessible and comfortable place of study in Dublin, has been for that long period, and may be for a considerable time to come, utterly lost and useless. By what pretext do these gaolers of learning justify this strange proceeding?

The Society being about to hold its Triennial Exhibition of Manufactures, the gentlemen entrusted with the management thereof required the principal apartment of the Library, as well as the museum and several other rooms, to be given up for that purpose. In an evil hour the Council and the Society consented. Exhibitions of that kind being under fashionable patronage, opposition was silenced; and the Library Committee reluctantly acquiesced, being assured that the Library would be restored in three weeks.

I submit that this was a most improper proceeding. The Library is one of the most important departments of the Society; its utility, as that of every Library, largely depends on its being regularly and permanently accessible; and any interruption must cause great inconvenience to students. It turned out, too, that there was space enough for the Exhibition without the Library. The "Exposition" was certainly very creditable in every respect to the Society and all concerned; but

cannot approve the sacrifice of the more solid, if less ostentatious advantages of the Library to the ephemeral *clot* of a showy Exhibition.

At the end of six weeks, instead of three, the Library was cleared out again. But the long vacation had now arrived; the Society at large would not meet until winter; and the Council, overcome by the languor of the season, forgot to liberate the imprisoned books. To this hour the floors of the shelves are closely boarded up. After some delay, it was resolved to take advantage of their being so protected to paint the Library and restore its ornamental ceiling. This work is not yet completed, and will probably occupy a month or two more. And while this repair is going on in one room, all the other apartments, and all the books in them, comprising a very considerable portion of the Library, are shut up from use. Some slight and inexpensive fittings in the upper chambers would render them excellent reading-rooms, — and if the books in the large room were unattainable, we should still have the range of many thousand volumes. Why so simple a provision was not made I cannot imagine. Before any repair was commenced, it was, I contend, the bounden duty of the Council to devise some means whereby the benefits of the Library should not be altogether lost. Their omission to do so argues an indifference to literature and the progress of knowledge which it is melancholy to observe in the governing body of so important an institution.

M.R.D.S.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE EARLY GERMAN STAGE.

You have already on a former occasion [*Athen.* No. 1185] permitted me to address your readers through the medium of your valuable columns on the subject of the first appearance of Shakespeare on the German stage, and of the English comedians who in the seventeenth century passed through Germany and diffused in that country a knowledge of the histrionic art, then already in a highly flourishing state in England. If I now again presume to come forward with this subject, it is because further researches have enabled me to throw additional light on it; and the favourable reception which my first paper has met with on many sides, vouches for the interest that many of your readers take in this subject. Had I to offer merely isolated facts, or solitary instances, it might perhaps rank as a curiosity, — but would not be entitled to occupy a place in the history of literature and the stage marking a new era in the development of both. But such is not the case, — notwithstanding the repeated assertions of our literary historians, such as Gervinus, Slahr, and others, to the effect that the instances in question are but solitary. The reason for their maintaining this is, that they have passed over a void without taking the trouble of filling it; and hence all authors, with almost the sole exception of Tieck, only mention the thing as what at first it certainly seems to be — a curiosity. However, on mature consideration and diligent inquiry, we become thoroughly convinced of the importance of these facts; and feel that the influence of the English on the condition of the German stage, prior to the beginning of the interregnum of French taste, cannot be reasonably doubted, — nor can we fail already here to perceive the influence of Shakespeare, who, a century later, liberated German literature from the fetters of French bondage. While a subsequent generation ran into many errors before it became aware of the necessity of regenerating German literature after the model of the English, because of its being more akin to the depth of the German mind than the idolatry of the French school with its shallowness and formality, — the German stage, by a kind of instinct, had already in its dawn taken that direction. A century later, Lessing (in the year 1759, in the 'Letters on Literature' edited by him and Mendelssohn), by way of answer to a challenge thrown out by the author of the 'Allgem. deutsche Bibliothek,' who maintained that nobody would deny that the German stage is indebted in a great measure for its first improvement to Prof. Gottsched (the advocate of the French taste), boldly asserted that he was that nobody. He said

it were well if Herr Gottsched had never meddled with the stage: our old dramas, which he banished, ought to have sufficiently convinced him that we are inclined to the English rather than to the French taste, — that we wish to see and think more in our tragedies than is offered us in the French tragedy, that he ought to have proceeded in that direction, and it would have led him straightway to the English stage. — When Lessing said this, I am strongly of opinion that he referred to those pieces which I here allude to, — and which bear such unmistakable traces of their English prototypes.

The plays in connexion with Shakespeare's of the period in question alone, are the following: —

1. Andreas Gryphius' 'Aburda Comica of Mr. Peter Squeuz,' founded perhaps on a comedy of earlier date, unknown till now, by Daniel Schwenker, who died as early as 1636.
2. 'Fratricide Punished; or, Prince Hamlet,' first published in the 'Olla Podrida' of 1779.
3. 'A very Lamentable History of Titus Andronicus' contained in the first volume of the 'English Comedies and Tragedies' of 1620.
4. 'Romeo and Julieta,' printed from an old MS. without date, deposited in the Royal Library at Dresden, and published by extract in Devrient's 'History of the German Stage.'
5. 'Jacob Ayres' History of the Fair Phœnicia,' printed 1618 ('Much Ado about Nothing').
6. 'Jacob Ayres' Tragedy of Juliet and Hypolita,' printed 1618 ('Two Gentlemen of Verona').
7. 'Michael Koneghl's Innocently Accused Innocentia' ('Cymbeline').

For the most of these pieces, the titles already point to their origin; and yet it has been often denied than conceded that they descended in a direct line from Shakespeare. Want of space forbids me here to pass all the above plays in review and enter fully into the argument; I will therefore only select a few of the plays, and adduce only the most striking arguments in support of my opinion.

There has been a good deal of dispute about the first invention of the story on which the Interlude of the Clowns in Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' is founded. Henry Schmid ('Obituary of the German Poets,' Berlin, 1785, Vol. I. p. 122) maintains that it is of French origin, — but he has not brought forward the proof which he promised. Bredow (Works, Berlin, 1823, p. 103), Wachler ('Lectures on German Literature,' Franck, 1818, Vol. II. p. 60), and Voss ('Shakespeare's Dramatic Works,' translated into German, Vol. I. p. 505), contend that the older play from which Gryphius copied was composed in imitation of a German farce. According to Bredow, Peter Squeuz was from an early period the current designation of a clown. This name might have travelled to England — like the fable of Reineke Fuchs, which was also known to Shakespeare ('Winter's Tale'); but until it can be proved that a German play was then completely translated into English, the Germans cannot be regarded as the inventors. Gryphius certainly appears to have imitated a play that was known in Germany previously to the publication of his own; for in his 'Address to the Reader' he says, 'I herewith present to thee Peter Squeuz, a name not unknown in Germany. Although all his devices are not so ingenious as he thinks for, yet they have been well received on various stages, and have caused no little merriment to the spectators. But lest he should any longer be indebted to foreigners for his origin, be it known unto thee that Daniel Schwenker, the man who deserves well of all Germany, and is skilled in all sorts of languages as well as in the mathematical sciences, first introduced him on the stage at Altorf, and thence he has travelled over the length and breadth of the country.' From this, it would appear that the origin of the play was then already doubtful; but either Andrew Gryphius, from an excessive patriotism, has not chosen to state the true source whence he drew in remodelling the play, — or perhaps Daniel Schwenker, whose performance has unfortunately not come down to us, had already copied Shakespeare. The following parallels may serve as a proof. —

Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Act I. Scene 2.

Snug. Have you the Lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow to study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom. Let me play the Lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say: Let him roar again, let him roar again.

The same. Act IV. Scene 2.

Bottom. And let not him that plays the Lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws.

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus.

Gryphius's 'Peter Squeuz,' Act I.

Pickelhaering. Tell us, Mr. Peter Squeuz, has the lion much to speak?

Peter Squeuz. No, he has only to roar.

Pickelhaering. Well, then let me be the lion; for I don't like having to learn much by heart.

Peter Squeuz. O no, Mr. Pickelhaering must act a principal part.

Kriks. But I rather think it would look too awful for a furious lion to come in bounding upon the stage.

Kriks George. Never mind that; I will roar so charmingly that the King and the Queen shall say: My sweet lion, pray roar once more.

Quince. Let your nails meanwhile grow nice and long, and do not have your beard shaved, and you will resemble a lion all the more.

Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' Act III. Scene 1.

Quince. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for you know Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Both the moon shine that night we play? Bottom. A calendar! a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine!

Quince. Yes, it does shine that night. — Ay, or one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure or to present the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Bottom. Some man or other must present the wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some roughcast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Gryphius's 'Peter Squeuz,' Act I.

Quince. Ovidius the Ecclesiastic says, the moon did shine when the play is represented.

Kriks. We must refer to the almanack and see if the moon will shine on that day.

Bollinger. Hold, I have one; it is a legacy from my grandfather's aunt.

Kriks. Listen to what has occurred to me! I will tie my plush round my body and carry a light in my lantern, and thus represent the moon.

Peter Squeuz. How shall we do for a wall? Pyramus and Thisby must talk together through the chink in the wall.

Kriks. I think it would be best to paint one of you with lime-water, and to put him on the stage. He would have to say, he was the wall; and when Pyramus is to speak he would have to speak into his mouth, that is, into the chink, but if Thisby should want to say anything he would have to turn his mouth to Thisby.

The 'Hamlet' cited above was brought on the stage by the Veltheim Society of Comedians, who made their appearance in Germany about the year 1665. Reichardt, the editor of the 'Olla Podrida,' had the play out of the collection of Eckhoff, the actor. It is entitled, 'Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet'; and it is most remarkable that the author appears to have had before him the first edition of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' of the year 1603, which it resembles in its principal features, and not the 'Hamlet' now in our possession. Most of the names of the persons represented also agree with those in the edition of 1603. Thus, for instance, Polonius is here called Corambus. The German author, no doubt, correctly judging the taste of his public, has added some comic scenes. We have here, also, a Prologue, delivered by Styx, who is attended by the Furies. Excepting a few absurdities — such as the box on the ear which the Ghost gives the Sentinel on the terrace, — the whole must be admitted to be well calculated for the stage. The author, moreover, understood how occasionally to captivate his audience by allusions to local circumstances. Thus, for instance, the lesson which Hamlet gives the actors is here applied to the condition of the German stage at that time. Both the diction and the manner lead to the presumption that the play in question was the latest of all the imitations before mentioned. I will only quote two passages to show that to assume another original than Shakespeare here seems out of the question. —

Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' Act I. Scene 1.

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

The German 'Hamlet.'

Horatio. By my life! It is a ghost, and looks very much like the King that is dead.

Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' Act II. Scene 2.

Hamlet. . . . When Roscius was an actor in Rome. . . . O Jephthah, judge of Israel, — what a treasure hadst thou!

. . . . One fair daughter, and no more.

The German 'Hamlet.'

Hamlet. When Marius Roscius was an actor in Rome, what a happy time was that! O Jephth, Jephth, what a pretty little daughter thou hast.

As to 'Titus Andronicus,' only the most narrow-minded critic can yet maintain that its authorship does not belong to Shakspeare. Though the beauties of the play were not of themselves a sufficient proof to the contrary, the testimony of contemporaries as well as all the other usual evidences of authenticity oppose such an opinion. But at the same time, it is equally certain that the present form of the tragedy was not the original one:—various inquiries having indubitably established the existence of an earlier form differing from the present. The German play of that name appears to be an imitation of Shakspeare's 'Titus Andronicus' in its original form. Though the weakest of all the plays enumerated above, being destitute of all intrinsic dramatic necessity and value, and apparently got up for the cruelty and monstrosity of some scenes (nearly all of which are exaggerated), rather than for dramatic effect,—it still is the most remarkable, since it exhibits to us the English play in its original form, although rather in a disfigured state, and enables us to compare this fragment with the subsequent remodelled play. The direct relationship of this play to that of Shakspeare has been the subject of much dispute; and before citing one or two passages from the play itself as evidence, I will stop to inquire if there be any ground for assuming another source. That the story on which the play is founded has an English origin, cannot be denied; since down to this day we know of no other production which might have served as a foundation than the English ballad of 'Titus Andronicus' Complaint. The German play, therefore, if not copied from Shakspeare, could have had no other source than that ballad. Taking this for granted, the deviations of the German play from that of Shakspeare ought to be met with in the ballad. But not a trace of this can be discovered.

I have already stated that the artistic treatment of the plot in the German tragedy is far inferior to that in the English. In fact, the former presents scarcely any of the subtler niceties of the latter. Nevertheless, these omissions do not justify the assumption of a different source; and the reasons for them are to be sought simply in the different taste of the author—perhaps too in his acquaintance with the taste of his public. Thus, for instance, we look in vain for the feigned madness of the old Titus, which suggests to the empress the idea of her disguise. Again, it must have better answered the purpose of the German author, who cannot heap up cruelties enough, instead of that *dénouement* where the emperor has Titus put to death, and his surviving son in his turn slays the emperor, to follow the ballad in having the three sons of Titus slain, and then to let Titus himself be their avenger and the murderer of the emperor. In addition to this, we have in both tragedies sundry passages of less moment,—which, as they are not to be met with in the ballad, would have to be attributed to the German author, from whose pen they must have accidentally emanated—an assumption which would be rather too bold. Among those passages, we have, for instance, the tale of the evil dream which Titus had on the night preceding the chase. But the following parallel passage may serve to remove every doubt.—

Shakspeare's 'Titus Andronicus,' Act III. Scene 1.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand.

And send it to the king; he for the same Will send thee hither both thy sons alive; And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Titus. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron! Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand.

Good Aaron, will thou help to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay, father: for that noble hand of thine, That hath thrown down so many enemies, Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome?..... My hand has been but idle; let it serve To ransom my two nephews from their death.

Titus. Sirs, strive no more..... Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both. Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. If that be called deceit, I will be honest. *Titus.* Now, stay your strife; what shall be is despatched. Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand. Tell him, it was a hand that warded him From thousand dangers.....

Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand, Look, by and by, to have thy sons with thee. Their heads, I mean. *(Aside.)*..... *Messenger.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor. Here are the heads of thy two noble sons; And here is thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back.

The German 'Titus Andronicus.'

Morian. Be it known to thee, that the empress has sent me to thee, that if thou lovest thy sons, and wishest to save them from death, thou art to chop off thy right hand, and send it through me, and they shall ere long be restored unto thee.

Titus. O, my dear Morian, what joyful tidings dost thou bring unto me. Aye, tho' the empress were to demand both my hands, I would cheerfully chop them off; but as it is, I will chop off my one hand, and deliver it up to thee. *Victorialis.* My best beloved, pray let me cut off my hand, for it were a pity were you to chop off your chivalrous hand.

Vesparianus. O, dearest father, pray permit me to cut off my hand. I do it for my dear brothers.

Titus. No, my dear brothers, you shall not give up your hands,—that behoves only me.

Victorialis. Dear brother, we prostrate ourselves unto thee, and entreat thee to the uttermost to leave thy hand unhurt, and to let me chop off mine.

Titus. Rise; since you then urge me so strongly, I must yield against my inclination. Now, agree between you which of you is to lose his hand..... I mean, however, only to deceive you; for while you cast lots and fetch the axe, I will chop off my hand. *(Aside.)*

Morian. Is that, then, to be called deceit?..... *Morian.* Here is your hand, which the empress sends you back, and here are the heads of your two sons.

It is, indeed, most remarkable and characteristic, that the influence of this play is not solely confined to the German stage. We find it also on the Dutch stage, in the 'Aaen en Titus' of Jan Vos,—a play which was composed about the middle of the seventeenth century, continued to be popular with the Dutch far down into the eighteenth, and has not even yet wholly disappeared from the Dutch stage. How far this Dutch tragedy is related to the English and German, I may perhaps take a future opportunity of showing. Thus much, however, I must here observe,—that this play too appears to me to have been composed under the influence of those English comedians who have given the impulse to the German play, and may probably have represented it prior to its appearing in print. It is true, the Dutch play is of much later date; but just here, it would be highly interesting to trace the play to its origin, as the name of Andronicus leads us to a succession of dramatic productions in which that person occurs. L'Amipistron has dramatized the death of Don Carlos in the person of an Andronicus, son to the Emperor Joannes Paleologus; and of this play we likewise possess a Dutch translation. Again, Dutch authors speak of an original drama in the Dutch language, bearing the title of 'Andronicus,' by B. van Berghs, printed at Amsterdam by Dirk Cornelis Houthaak. In the southern provinces of Holland, a tragedy entitled 'Andronicus van Swan,' in the West-Flemish dialect, enjoys a high reputation.—The discovery recently made of a company of twenty-four English actors who in 1617 were staying at Cologne, and being Protestants were converted by a society of Irish Capucin friars, may perhaps be brought in connexion with facts here stated. The name of their leader was N. Spencer. In 1620 a certain John Spencer—as I have already stated [see *Athen.* No. 1185]—was recommended by the Elector of Brandenburg to the Elector of Saxony as an English comedian.

If the relations which these rude beginnings of dramatic art and literature have to the English drama already enlist our interest to a high degree,—how much more must this be the case if we call to mind that period of German literature when the best energies of the nation were united in overturning the idols and demolishing the temples of a degenerate taste, and creating a new era:—a crusade in which the name of Shakspeare adorns every banner! Nor, indeed, is there aught that can more highly glorify his name than this struggle of the best educated nation of the earth finally leading to victory. The course of that struggle and victory at the same time marks the progress of the German mind in the province of the beautiful and sublime.

It bears testimony to the fact, that each step which the German mind ascended in its cosmopolitan development has only led it to a more profound knowledge and inspired it with a higher admiration of that great Poet,—has given it a deeper insight into his inexhaustible beauties, and heightened its enjoyment of his works.

This influence of Shakspeare on German literature is admitted on all hands; but the influence of the latter on Shakspeare—i. e. on the better appreciation of his works—must be equally admitted. For Germany has not only taken,—she has also given. Germany has become Shakspeare's second father-land:—and let England never forget that the struggle of the German mind has raised him to that elevation on which he is now enthroned, bearing universal sway.

ALBERT COHN,
Berlin, December, 1880.

SANSCRIT METRES.

St. Clement's, Ipswich, Jan. 1.

In your review [see *ante*, p. 1369] of Prof. Wilson's translation of the 'Rig-Veda' (vol. i.) you mention your regret that more information was not given respecting the ancient metres in which these compositions are written, and particularly the *Gayatri* metre.—I therefore send you the following few lines, which may give you some of the information whose absence you alluded to. The *Gayatri* is the most celebrated of all the Vedic metres and is generally a triplet of lines of eight syllables each,—but the length is not always uniform.

The following is the sacred *Gayatri*; which to a Brahmin is the essence of all that is consecrated and awful.—

Om tat-savitur varenyam

Bhargho devasya dhimahi

Yo nah prachodayat.

Om! let us meditate on the glorious splendour of that divine sun who may inspire us.

The *Jagati* and *Trishtubh* are metres which were favourites in all ages of Sanscrit literature. A verse of the former consists of four lines of twelve syllables each, most commonly as follows:—

Kwā bhōgām ā'pōti' nā bhōgyā'b'g jānāh.

A verse of the latter consists of four lines of eleven syllables, generally, either in the form—

or in that of

as

Ratnā'bhīpūrṇā'm mākrāsya' pristhā.

The *Soma* plant which you mention is the moon-plant, or *Asclepias acida* or *Sarcocotema viminula*. The writer of the article 'Vedas' in the 'Penny Cyclopædia' quotes from De Candolle, 'that this plant, which he refers to the genus *Apocynae*, contains a juice, of which it would be erroneous to say that it is a narcotic, since its effect is by no means calculated to soothe the nerves, but rather to deprive them of their power of activity, without a stupefying sleep.' I am, &c.,

EDWARD B. COWELL.

THE LESSON OF A NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER.'

THE twilight fell; a glimmering chain of lamps Defined the crescent beach; with sullen moan, Before the cliff's unvanquished citadel Retired the sea; the fisher's lantern gleamed On the moist shore, and from his stranded boat Trailed the rent net entangled with the weed.

Opened behind, an ancient, low-roofed street, With laboured windings. Tapers in small paces Doled parsimonious light on scanty wares,— On toys that wore their cobwebs moodily Like mourners at a birthday's funeral,— On fruits that warned the taste they once enticed, And faded ribbons hung like homilies On maiden pride.—A straggling group whose speech Fell brief and dull—whose unexpected steps But strayed abroad to shun indifferent homes— Divided as I passed.—There came no sound To break the torpor, till, with pant and scream, Clanged the steam monster o'er its iron bank, Angering the hazy distance from its dream. Oh, harsh reality! Life's fair ideal Flew from thy frown.—Stretched on the sombre couch, A log my pillow, listlessly I poured The sand to sand, and sighed—"Tis fit these grains Within a glass should measure vanity!"

No 12107

The vacant hour lagged by; when silvery gleams
Shot o'er the eastern brink,—the flowers of light
Swept in the path of Night's advancing Queen.
Pleasant the rose, and then a tremulous smile
Coursed the stern face of Ocean. Soaring on,
She paused but in mid-heaven,—tranced in the joy
Of her reflected beauty. The gaunt peak,
Whose base was wrapped in darkness, caught her
beam,

Most like some wrong-scarred soul whose pride
dissolves
In the mild glance of a serenest friend.

All things confessed her spell. The humid sand
Shone like an argent pavement; roof and wall,
As every stone were hewn from quarried light,
Exposed in glory, save where shadows fell
Still, as the awe that breathes from loveliness.
Men raised their brows and caught the lustrous seal.
Again the fire-steed, with bright vaporous breath,
Flashed on its way,—and, through illumined woods,
Soft lanes of shade, or shining breadth of plains,
Bore hearts whose love outsped it to their homes!—
So, by one heavenly influence, common forms
Put on ethereal semblance, and, methought—
Thus our familiar life the radiant Soul
Bedews and raises. Nought so mean but, touched
By that immortal beauty, grows divine!

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SOME of our readers may perhaps remember that Mr. William Pennington, a gentleman in the audit office of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, sent us, with reference to our notice of Dr. Lardner's 'Railway Economy' [*Athen.* No. 1169], some rather caustic strictures on that work. Mr. Pennington was particularly incensed against the Doctor's description of the Clearing House at Easton Square. We dealt with Mr. Pennington's complaint as justice seemed to require [*Athen.* No. 1171]. We are now favoured by that gentleman with a further communication on the subject of the Clearing House; and on the whole, although we are not the precise kind of authority to deal with such references, we shall not hesitate to give Mr. Pennington the benefit of our opinion—as he particularly desires to have it.—Mr. Pennington conceives that the present Clearing House system at Easton Square is defective. The invention of the Clearing House is but recent; and we have seen sufficient of all new systems to know that perfect simplicity is the result only of long experience, many failures, and numberless suggestions. The probabilities, therefore, are in favour of Mr. Pennington's views. He says, that he can reduce the present "30,000 monthly division sheets of merchandise traffic" issued by the Clearing House to 2,000 only,—and in that way accomplish a saving of 28,000 sheets per month. According to the statement in this gross form, Mr. Pennington stands out as a reformer of colossal dimensions—a perfect "triton among the minnows." He has, to be sure, been good enough to send us some details in support of his pretensions; but while these details are sufficient to convey an idea of the nature, they do not enable us to judge of the merits of his plan. It appears, however, that Mr. Pennington is writing a book. That probably may illumine whatever is at present obscure. In the mean time, we advise Mr. Pennington to persevere with his plan; and it would assist his ultimate purpose if he could prevail on himself to forego the style of a conqueror until he has actually secured his victory. We are quite willing to believe that Mr. Pennington is a very ingenious man, as well as a very positive disputant.

The Palace of Industry—though, as we conjectured would be the case six weeks ago, not quite ready by the day originally fixed,—is so far advanced as to have been practically taken possession of by the Royal Commission:—the meetings of which body are now held in one of its apartments. An interesting feature in the history of the building was the meeting of the Society of Arts held in it on the last day of the old year, and the accompanying explanations of Prof. Cowper as to the scientific details of its construction. There is no doubt that the Exhibition will be ready for opening on the coming May-day.

The Herald, under the command of Capt. Kellett, arrived at the Sandwich Islands on the 16th of October last from Behrings Straits. She had not

fallen in with Capt. Collinson;—so that it is to be apprehended that neither of the latter officer's ships succeeded in getting into the Straits before the setting in of winter. Capt. Kellett's despatches contain no intelligence whatever respecting Sir John Franklin.

We have received the following reply to the question of a correspondent respecting the Byron Tomb, to which we gave admission last week (*Ath.* No. 1209, p. 1381).

"In answer to your query in last week's impression,—I beg to inform you that the tomb commonly called 'Byron's Tomb' is still in its original position in Harrow Churchyard. But I doubt if it will remain so for many more years, unless a railing be placed round it, or some other protection against the secret mutilations which it now and then undergoes, from a false feeling of veneration that some have for relics of the illustrious poet. I am, &c.

WILLIAM WINKLEY, jun.

We have had sent to us the first Report of the proceedings of "The Yorkshire Antiquarian Club" established last year; and are glad to be instrumental in giving publicity to its purpose as well as to its proceedings. Such associations should be formed in all parts of the kingdom; since they are the means not merely of discovering, but of preserving objects of archaeological interest found in particular districts.—Though we would encourage the endeavour to found local museums for the exhibition of relics of all kinds connected with the habits, customs, rites and institutions of our remote forefathers,—yet we cannot too often, nor too strongly, urge the establishment of some central place of deposit. Foreign antiquaries have over and over again expressed their astonishment that there is no separate department in the British Museum for the reception and display of British Antiquities. The antiquities of all nations excepting our own are there preserved; and we feel a degree of national shame that the subject has hitherto been almost totally neglected. The Society of Antiquaries of London is bound, we think, to take steps in the matter; and if nothing better can be done, it should make itself a sort of medium for receiving and circulating all intelligence of the kind. For this reason only we object to see the Yorkshire Antiquarian Club professing to place the results of its labours in the sole hands of the provincial Philosophical Society. They ought to be made more generally and widely accessible and available: and at all events, a knowledge of them should be conveyed through the parent Society in London,—which was expressly chartered, some centuries ago, in order that all such information might, in the first instance, be transmitted to it, and thus circulated through the empire.—It is probable that provincial Societies would very readily lend themselves to this circulation, if the parent Society were itself sufficiently alive to its responsibilities and active in their discharge.

A very interesting Report of the sanitary condition of the City of London has recently been drawn up by Mr. Simon, the Medical Officer of Health to the City.—It appears that the rate of mortality in 1849 averaged 30 per 1,000,—while that during the twelve months ending September 28, 1850, averaged 21·92 per 1,000. Although this decrease is in some measure due to the absence of cholera during the past year, yet Mr. Simon has no hesitation in ascribing it mainly to the sanitary improvement of the streets and dwellings in the City.—When the improvements which he advocates shall be fully carried out, he conceives that the average yearly mortality in London will be reduced to that of the most favoured country localities,—which is not more than 19 per 1,000.

A three days' sale of autograph letters, &c., at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's, during last week, contained a few lots that deserve enumeration. The painters sold well. A letter of Rubens (two pages folio) brought 3*l.* 15*s.*—and a letter of Nicolas Poussin's (one page folio) 3*l.* 5*s.* The poets too maintained their prices:—a letter of Pope's bringing 2*l.* 4*s.*—and the well-known letter from Kirke White to the Editor of the *Monthly Review* as much as 4*l.* The ladies also brought good sums:—a charming letter from Madame Necker, wife of the

minister, to David Garrick realizing 2*l.* 4*s.*—and a curious letter of Kitty Clive's to the same great actor, 2*l.* Royal autographs found eager bidders:—a signature of Queen Elizabeth's brought 2*l.* 12*s.*—and a signature of Oliver Cromwell's 2*l.* The rarer autographs obtained good prices:—a letter of Camden's bringing 3*l.* 3*s.*—and a charter signed by Edward Duke of York, who fell at Agincourt, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* A few spurious specimens, such as the Ben Jonson and the James Thomson, were not undetected by collectors:—for of some purchasers may be said what Strap the barber remarks in Roderick Random,—"no one can palm a pennyworth of dead men's hair upon me." The sale, we may conclude with observing, was of a very mixed and motley character,—containing several letters that ought to have escaped the hammer of the auctioneer for half a century to come, at least. The following extracts will speak for themselves.—"Lot 310, Kent (Edward, Duke of) father of Queen Victoria, autograph letter of condolence to James Perry, Esq. of the *Morning Chronicle*, on Mr. Perry's loss of his wife. The Duke feelingly alludes to his own loss of a most affectionate and estimable companion, which the letter enables him to sympathize with Mr. Perry. With Mr. Perry's reply."—"Lot 366, Maltby (Edward), Bishop of Durham, autograph letter, two pages quarto, to his son Lieut. Maltby, whose irregularities had caused the family much anxiety; at the end is a joint appeal by the Mother and Sister, in furtherance of the object of the letter. Very curious."—"What Her Majesty and the Bishop will think of the sale of such letters may easily be imagined.

A correspondent referring to the paragraph which we copied from the French papers into our Gossip columns of last week on the subject of the scholastic honours conferred by a European University on a negro,—gives, from his own knowledge as he says, the following corrections in the statement of the case to which he supposes it to relate. "A Presbyterian minister," he says, "of the name of Pennington, a black, and preaching in New York—a fine man in body, mind, and temper—was visiting England at the time of the Peace Congress. Being tempted over to Frankfurt, he received a diploma from one of the Continental Universities,—I cannot say whether Heidelberg or not. But he is no Catholic Priest, nor is his degree about to be conferred."

"An Old Subscriber" writes to us from Ceylon in reference to a paragraph which appeared in our columns some months since—copied from *Bentley's Miscellany*,—wherein it was stated that "dancing snakes" are invariably deprived of their fangs before they are exhibited. "During a residence of several years in Ceylon," he says, "I have paid much attention to this subject; and on many occasions have found that the snakes had lost their fangs (an operation performed by exciting the animal to bite a piece of cloth which is then suddenly 'jerked' away). In other instances, however, I have taken a snake out of the hands of the charmer,—opened the mouth, and found the poison teeth perfect. Being accustomed to examine snakes, I feel confident that this statement is correct.—On one occasion, indeed, I saw a snake of a species much more deadly than the cobra, and the fangs of which are very long—'danced.' The cobra seems more suited for the charmer,—on account of its beauty, its gentleness, and its method of attack. When roused by music or otherwise, the animal rears up the fore part of the body perpendicularly,—but keeping the head horizontal and about eighteen inches from the ground. If any distinct object,—such as the closed fist, the knee, or a common earthenware pot (*chetty*) with a chalked ring on it,—be presented, the animal eyes it with curiosity, and at intervals strikes it by darting forward the head and neck while the hinder part of the body remains stationary. These attacks are, however, quite harmless:—the snake merely 'strikes' the object with its muzzle, but does not close its jaws on it. Even when a fowl is presented the cobra will sometimes strike half-a-dozen times before it bites. When this occurs it holds on for a second or two:—in 'striking,' the head is instantly withdrawn. Only in a single instance do I recollect that a cobra suddenly brought

its head and neck to the ground and glided swiftly at me:—there was some difficulty in evading it. As to the mere taking up of a snake by the tail, there is no mystery in it:—any one can do it, if he has courage enough to make the attempt. All that is requisite is, to swing the animal gently to and fro:—the undulations thus produced prevent it from recovering itself and biting."

We may remind such of our readers as are in the habit of attending the Reading-room of the British Museum, that it is now closed for the customary seven days of Christmas cleansing and arrangement. It will be re-opened on Wednesday next, the 8th inst.

The Members of the Manchester Athenæum—having given up their yearly masquerading in the name of literature and science—have adopted the alternative of giving a series of *Soirées* during the year under the proper plea of dancing and amusements. To such social gatherings in their place as subordinate parts of a system, we know not that any strong objection lies; and we find by the experience of the Whittington Club that such are among the most agreeable incidents of the club-life.—Mr. Cobden, as chairman of the *Soirée* last week, adopted, as we think, the proper tone; and in what relates to the practical working of the institution, gave excellent advice,—especially as regards the heavy burden which the paper duty and other direct taxes on knowledge lay on such institutions. He showed the members that more than 5 per cent. of their gross income is abstracted in this manner by the State:—a fact which we submit to the consideration of Whittington Clubs, Athenæums, and Mechanics' Institutions generally. A very effectual way to strengthen the present movement in favour of abolishing these most impolitic taxes would be, for every member of every such institution in the country to sign a petition to parliament praying for relief. When Mr. Cobden quits the ground of the executive and positive for the higher one of intellectual admonition, he at once, in our opinion, vacates his peculiar advantages. In his zeal for newspapers, he may, for himself, unduly depreciate the more solid bulwarks of learning; but he should be cautious of fostering in the minds of the young men who chiefly compose his audience on such occasions, the idea that the newspaper is enough for a man to read. With a proper regard to the value of our morning journals, we think Mr. Cobden's assertion that one copy of one of them contains more useful information than the whole historical works of Thucydides—simply an absurdity. The wonder is, that an intelligent man could be found to make such a proposition in such a place. But having referred to the matter, let us in fairness add, that the foolish assertion was instantly and justly rebuked by the laughter of the audience. Manchester at once repudiated the Vandalic mistake, and—proved that its own intelligence is not always to be measured by the standard of those whom events of a political kind have made its representatives in the world.—The incident should be a warning to our travelling orators not to step beyond their proper lines of argument.

Letters from Bombay announce that Dr. Buist, editor of the *Bombay Times* and the unwearied promoter of industrial schools and polytechnic institutions in Hindustan, has been appointed sheriff of that city, as a reward for his exertions in behalf of those educational establishments. The fact deserves to be placed on record as being, so far as we are aware, the first instance of the shirvelty being conferred on any one as a reward for public services of such a kind.

The vacancy occasioned by the death of M. Alban de Villeneuve-Bargemont in the list of members of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has been filled up by the election of M. Louis Reybaud, the author of 'Jérôme Paturot.'

From Rome, we learn that, the great oriental scholar Monsignor Molza has been appointed to the office of Chief Guardian of the Vatican Library, in the room of M. Laureani, whose melancholy death we reported a few months ago,—and that the Abate Martinucci has been nominated to fill the office of sub-chief. As the latter office is one of very considerable importance, and has hitherto been filled by

men well known to the European republic of letters, the question naturally arises—who is the Abate Martinucci? The learned writer Cardinal Mai and the profound linguist Mezzofanti have been recent occupiers of the post which he now fills: but we never before heard of Signor Martinucci or his works. From the Roman correspondence of the *Daily News*, however, we learn that his claim to sit in the chair of Mezzofanti is that he has a brother, which brother is architect to Pope Pius! It has ever been a lamentable custom with the Papal Government, says the writer referred to, to grant an employment rather with a view of serving the individual employed than with that of having the duties of the office satisfactorily performed; and although the Vatican was once excepted from this rule, it appears to be no longer a department sacred to literary distinction, if we may judge by the appointment of an obscure Abate, whose chief merit is that of being a brother of the Pope's architect, to the post so honourably occupied in the last century by Garampi, Giovenazzi, Gaetano Marini, and Assemani. Genius and learning have no chance in the Rome of our day against the crozier and the cowl.

In an age like this, when the real rivalries and contests of nations are carried on not so much by regiments and frigates as by means of the shuttle, the railway and the steamboat,—it is curious and important to note the progress of different countries in those practical arts and sciences which more immediately promote these friendly national contests. European statesmen have all watched with wonder, and not a few of them with alarm, the tremendous accession of power which the rapid development of railways, telegraphs and steam navigation in the United States has given to the people of North America:—an accession of political and material influence in the affairs of the world which seems to stand in almost startling disproportion to the mere weight of the masses of population. The Brazils, by nature far richer than the northern States in all the raw materials of power, have no more voice in determining the direction of great historical events than a petty German or Italian principality. Belgium, covered with railways and dotted with manufacturing towns, has already more active influence in Europe than the once powerful and magnificent kingdom of Spain. Science multiplies the resources of nations in an extraordinary degree; and older games of ambition are so far gone out of modern fashion, that statesmen with the true instincts of the future about them care less and less about drilling regiments and more and more about promoting science. The trials of strength in this noble contest lie at present chiefly between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race. England by insular position, and America by her geographical remoteness, stand tolerably free from the wear of intellect and waste of material means which are daily seen in the political struggles of continental Europe: and they are, as regards each other, therefore, on equal and fair terms of competition. With the shuttle England might be conquered,—even while her hearts of oak defied the world. A French army on the coast of Devonshire or Kent might prove a passing evil,—but a combination of natural and mechanical advantages secured to the workshops of the United States would be utter and irretrievable ruin. Thus far, the shuttle of Manchester beats the shuttle of Lowell;—hitherto, the steam-vessel of Liverpool has outsped that of New York. But the forces are so nearly matched as to lend all the charm of an uncertain issue to the struggle. Especially is this the case with the ocean steamers. In river, lake and coast navigation, America has long carried away the palm of victory. The boats on the Rhine, the Elbe, the Clyde, the Thames, and the Scheldt are not for a moment to be compared with the "floating palaces" on the Hudson, the Delaware and the Potomac, either for rate of sailing or for magnificence of fitting-up. We have been credibly told of vessels steaming down the Mississippi at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour! But in ocean navigation, longer practice and equal enterprise still keep us slightly ahead of our energetic descendants. We are proud of our

rivals—as they are proud of our rivalry. To the general reader at home, it is next to impossible to convey an adequate idea of the interest which the contests between the English and American Mails excite in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Each run is carefully noted and compared,—fears are excited, hopes raised by every voyage,—and half-a-dozen hours in the length of a trip of three thousand miles is thought a considerable variation. The struggle for mastery at this moment lies between the English mail Asia and the American mail Atlantic,—and the recent voyage of the Asia was the quickest ever yet performed. This passage from New York to Liverpool was made in 10 days 4 hours and 5 minutes,—being 4 hours and 15 minutes less than the best voyage eastward made by the Atlantic. The New Yorkers are building still more powerful vessels for this line of service. The prize is a great one. The fished vessels must carry out letters, orders, news, Government despatches,—and, having the prestige of scientific excellence and success, will generally command a choice of the passenger traffic. In this rivalry the Americans possess a great advantage over us in being less fettered in their action by Government jobbing and monopoly.

EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART.—This Exhibition is NOW OPEN, at the Gallery of the Old Water Colour Society, 5, Pall Mall East.—Daily, from Ten till Dark.—Admission, 1s.—Season Tickets, Half-a-Guinea.

SAMUEL STEPHEN, Sec.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE DIORAMA, Regent's Park.—NOW EXHIBITING. The pictures represent:—MOUNT ETNA, in Sicily, during an Eruption; and the ROYAL CASTLE of ST. ZENFELS on the Rhine, with various effects. Admission to both, One Shilling. Children under twelve years, Half-price. Open from Ten till dusk.

EGYPT, NUBIA, and ETHIOPIA.—THE GREAT MOVING PANORAMA of the Nile displays the scenery of these interesting countries, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, presenting to the spectator the River and the Desert, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the grandest Ruins of Antiquity, and the most exciting objects that allure the traveller.—EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Daily, at Three and Eight.—Admission refused to 6d.; 1st, 1s.; 2nd, 6d.

INDIA OVERLAND MAIL.—GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.—MOVING DIORAMA of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, exhibiting the following places, viz.—Cairo, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, Port Said, Madras, and Calcutta.—is now OPEN DAILY.—Mornings at Twelve, Afternoons at Three, and Evenings at Eight.—Admission, 1s.; 2nd, 6d.; Reserved Seats, 3s. Doors open half an hour before each representation.—The new Diorama of NATIVE LAND; or ENGLAND AND THE SEASONS, will shortly be produced in addition to the above.

DIORAMA OF THE GANGES.—PORTLAND GALLERY, 31c, Regent Street, Longham Place, opposite the Polytechnic Institution, is now OPEN DAILY, with a GRAND MOVING DIORAMA, in which the spectator is taken through India, from the point at which the Diorama of the Overland Route terminates: commencing with a complete Panorama of the City of Calcutta, and the ascent of the Ganges to the Octagon Mount, thence to the great seat of idolatry and superstition, Jagernath, with the Procession of the Cars, the Ganges, the Sacred City of Benares, Chunar and Allahabad, the Magnificent Palace of Delhi, and the Taj Mahal. The entire Diorama is invented and painted by Mr. T. C. DIXON, from Sketches by J. FRANCIS, Esq., made on the spot during his residence in India.—Doors to Open at Half-past Two and Half-past Seven p.m. The Overture to commence daily at Three and Eight p.m. precisely.—Admission, 1s. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—THE CELEBRATED JUVENILE HARPISTS (the Lockwood Family) will perform TONIGHT, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Clouston, daily at Four o'clock.—LECTURE by Dr. Bachofen on VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY, in which will be exhibited ALMAN'S PATENT ELECTRIC LIGHT, on Tuesday and Thursday Evenings at Nine.—LECTURE by J. H. PEPPE, Esq., on FIRE AND ITS ANTAGONISTS, illustrated with brilliant Experiments.—LECTURE by Mr. George Barker on the BALLAD MUSIC OF ENGLAND, with Vocal Illustrations, every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight o'clock.—EXHIBITION of the HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE.—ENTIRELY NEW SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS, illustrating some of the ROYAL HALL.—DAILY and EVENING, from 11 till 12.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.—Open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock, and every Evening (EXCEPT SATURDAY) from Seven till Half-past Ten.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Dec. 19.—Sir B. Brodie, Bart., V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read by Prof. Owen 'On the Exogenous Processes of Vertebræ; Part I. 'On the Megatherium.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Nov. Epidemiological, half-past 8.
Tues. Zoological, 8.—Scientific Business.
Pathological, 8.
Wed. Geological, half-past 8.—'On the Volcanic and Tertiary Strata of the Isle of Mull,' by the Duke of Argyll.—'The Tertiary of the Isle of Skye,' by Prof. E. Forbes.—'On the Geology of the Great Exhibition Hall in Hyde Park.'—Literary Fund, 8.
Thurs. Royal Society of Literature, 4.
—Royal, half-past 8.
Frid. Antiquaries, 8.
Sat. Astronomical, 8.
Medical, 8.

Chemistry.
Chambers.
An Introductory.
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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Chemistry. By George Wilson, M.D. Edinburgh, Chambers.

An Introduction to the Atomic Theory. By Charles Daubeny, M.D. Second Edit. University Press.

THERE are few books on chemical science in our language which so fully explain its leading features as the above unpretending work by Dr. Wilson, published as one of "Chambers's Educational Course." At no period in the history of chemistry has there been so large a demand for chemical knowledge as in the present day. In every branch of manufacture, in each department of Art, and in agriculture, it is now felt that much may be expected from this science. Beyond this, the numerous striking discoveries which have, within a comparatively short time, thrown new light on many of the obscure phenomena of Nature, have awakened a desire to learn its mysteries, and thus have added largely to the number of chemical students in our schools, and still more largely to that class who seek to educate themselves. To the latter class in particular we would strongly recommend Dr. Wilson's 'Chemistry':—not that it will be less useful than the works of other authors to those who have the advantages of a master, but its clearness and comprehensiveness seem particularly to commend it to those who diligently toil onward without such assistance. How very satisfactory is the following:—

"Out of some sixty elements, then, the thousands of chemical compounds known to us are made up. There is no body which contains them all, or even a majority of them. The great number of substances contain a very few, and consist of two, three, four, five, or six ingredients. Some of the simple bodies, moreover, form a much greater number of compounds than others. Certain of them, indeed, occur only in very small quantity in the globe, as constituents of rare minerals. The sixty bodies referred to above, which cannot be analyzed, will be spoken of as Chemical Elements, or elementary bodies. They bear the same relation to the various compound substances which belong to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms that the letters of the alphabet do to the words written in the language which they make up. Thus, every English word is a compound of two or more letters, into which it can be grammatically analyzed. The twenty-six letters, themselves, however, admit of no analysis, but are the primary symbols out of which the language is constructed. Certain of these letters occur much more frequently in words than others; thus, one or more vowels are found in nearly every part of speech; whilst the letter Z enters into the composition of very few terms. The Chemical elements may thus be called the Alphabet of Chemistry as a science—and the different compound bodies correspond to the words which are made up of the alphabetical letters. Thus, water is like a word of two letters [hydrogen and oxygen], marble like one of three [calcium, oxygen, carbon], alum of four [aluminum, potassium, oxygen, and sulphur], and white of eight of six."

We have taken the liberty of interpolating the names of the elements in this passage,—which, otherwise, removed from the preliminary matter, might not have been quite satisfactory to the uninitiated reader.

The great fault of books of science written by its professors is generally that of obscurity,—or, at least, complexity. Few men possess the powers for pursuing original research themselves and at the same time rendering all the details of their induction sufficiently simple to be generally intelligible. This is not, however, a fault which we can lay at the door of Dr. Wilson. His little work may be studied as a choice example of scientific literature.

We have often objected to the extended use of symbolical notation in elementary works:—for the advanced student we never denied its advantages. Dr. Wilson has not employed his symbols indiscriminately:—he has given a very satisfactory explanation of their use,—and when he has employed them they are accompanied with sufficient explanations. But we could almost have desired that the Fe_2O_3 , 3NO_2 , and the like, had been entirely omitted,—remembering the class into whose hands these educational books are expected to find their way. In the well-regulated laboratory the case is different.

Dr. Daubeny in 1831 offered himself as the expounder of the Atomic Theory of Dr. Dalton:—which must ever be regarded as the starting point of modern chemical philosophy. The progress of inquiry has so largely extended the science, that it was thought advisable to publish a new treatise, which should embrace the more enlarged features

of the chemistry of the present day. We say, a new, treatise:—although this is called a second edition, it is really almost entirely re-written. It starts with an historical sketch of the opinions of the ancients on the constitution of matter; and then propounds the views of Dalton,—examines the proofs advanced in favour of atoms,—the laws regulating the combination betwixt the atoms of bodies,—and other matters connected with the physics of chemistry. Those who are desirous of studying the ultimate constitution of matter will find much valuable information in this treatise by the Oxford Professor of Chemistry.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Catalogue of Mr. L. H. Cottingham's Museum of Mediæval Art. Illustrated by Henry Shaw.

AMONG catalogues, this is of the few that are likely to be preserved because of any merits in themselves beyond their being records of titles. It is a carefully compiled description of very choice examples of different periods of ornamental Art,—accompanied by a number of wood-cuts of some of the objects most important to the antiquary and the architect. These are engraved with much neatness under Mr. Shaw's guidance.—In his preface, Mr. Shaw expresses a hope that, as to foreign schools of ornamentation museums for study are attached, this collection may be purchased "as an adjunct to the School of Design,"—or, better still, as "the nucleus of a National and Mediæval Museum." Should such not be the case, it is to be sold by public auction in the month of April next.

The Four Princesses. Engraved in Mezzotint, by T. Richards Jackson, from a picture by Winterhalter.

THERE is much ability in the execution of this print by an artist of whose name we were previously ignorant. He is evidently *au fait* in what relates to the *technique* of his art:—and capable of accomplishing higher results when the means at his command shall be better. He has here had to deal with a work which, notwithstanding some good drawing and grouping, is deficient in any sound principles of effect. A print in the mezzotint-style,—dependent for its success on its similarity to the style of a picture, the process being a species of painting with the scraper, unlike the process of line engraving, where difference of treatment may be substituted for simplicity of effect—must suffer from spottiness in the original. The print is, nevertheless, an agreeable presentment of the four royal children.

Bell of St. Patrick.

FIVE chromo-lithographic drawings put us here in possession of the physiognomy—so to speak—of an Irish ecclesiastical Bell, supposed to have belonged to St. Patrick,—and of the several sides of the jewelled shrine in which it is preserved. These are accompanied by an historical and illustrative description in the true spirit of antiquarian research. Though in itself this tintabulary instrument is of the most primitive and not of the most elegant shape, the Saint's taste is favourably attested by the shrine, in which it has been kept.—The whole is an interesting record of one of the most ancient, curious and valuable relics of Irish antiquity in existence.

The Guards and the Line. By Lieut.-Col. Hott. Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill.

AN amusing publication, setting forth the inequalities of fortune in military life. The contrast between the soldier who figures only on parade or in pageant, and him who in arms, in camp, or in quarters has to do the active business of the service, is presented in the several persons of the Guardsman and the officer of the Line. The intentions of the writer are well and humorously seconded by the artist.

Tears. Illustrated with Fifteen Designs. By Jessie Macleod.

HERE we have another example of the powers of our countrywomen in the employment of the pencil. We must say, however, that the execu-

tion of these subjects is greatly better than the design:—which is sentimental of the most commonplace kind. The "tears" of the various passions are a very sickly form of their presentment, so far as titles are concerned. But the characters drawn, ranging from youth to age, are delicately traced. A very happy pose and expression are given to weeping *Memory*. The statuesque character of the lady who dispenses alms in the *Tear of Charity* is good. *The Tear of Disappointment* is one of the best performances in the book. From the window of his chamber, a student beholds the honours paid to his successful rival, who is carried in triumph across the court-yard of his college by his fellow-scholars. *The Tear of Pride* does not tell its story so well:—neither does *The Tear of Grief*. Of the *Tear of Jealousy*, though wanting in truthful proportion—the figure being too tall—the design is of great ability. *The Tear of Remorse* is well conceived—as regards the expression both of action and of feature. The other tears must be left to weep their own morals:—but we would fain see so much ability better employed.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We see it stated in our daily contemporaries that a destination has at length been found for the Marble Arch. From time to time we have alluded in our columns to various suggestions for stowing away this beautiful and for London unique bit of architectural decoration, but without definitely advocating any one of the particular proposals. We must, however, say that the site said to have been fixed on by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests is very far from being the best in an architectural point of view. The arch is destined, we believe, to form the entrance into Hyde Park from Oxford Street, at Cumberland Gate.

The number of works sent in to the annual Exhibition of Modern Art in Paris has been so great, that the difficulties of the Admission Jury and of the Hanging Committee have necessitated a further delay in the opening. On Monday last, however, the public had at length access to this much talked of Exhibition.

We may string together a few notes from Rome in one paragraph. The art-city is rapidly filling with visitors. The native nobles have again opened their fine old palaces for weekly receptions. The arts generally are said to be flourishing,—and the coming season promises to be one of unusual activity. Herr Wolff, the German sculptor, has finished a grand emblematic figure of Paris, of which report speaks in terms of high praise. The four statues of the same artist personifying the Seasons have been purchased by an Englishman. Mr. Gibson is commencing his statue of Sir Robert Peel; and a Victoria enthroned between Justice and Clemency—a group intended to be placed in the House of Lords.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Serenata. The Sleeper Awakened. Written by John Oxenford, composed by G. A. Macfarren. Cramer, Beale & Co.—We avail ourselves of the publication of this *Serenata* to offer a remark or two which it would have been arrogant to put forth on the strength of a first hearing.—That 'The Sleeper Awakened' is something more than a clever production we cordially assert; that it is a work destined to make a mark on its time (which also means being remembered in times to come) we cannot admit. With all his facility, constructive power, and occasional felicity of phrase, Mr. Macfarren is as far from a style of his own as ever. His ballads are not English ballads. His airs are Italian. His choruses are Italian or German. There is a touch of almost every successful modern foreign composer in this *Operetta*: and these touches are not fused together so as to make up a manner complete in its eclecticism. Thus, the opening chorus, 'Applaud him,' is of the lightest *Opera Comique* quality,—the chorus of 'Slaves, Hush, hush!' is a close copy of the opening chorus in 'Oberon.' *Zuleika's Rondo* 'Gone, gone! he's gone!' is a *bravura* in the Mercadante fashion;

its brilliant *roulades* and its distressful words making up one of those instances of sound running counter to sense on the strength of which the Italian school of expression has been so heartily abused by classical critics. Nor did Donizetti ever throw off anything more conventional than the slow movement and *stretto* of the duet No. 10. In the Oriental music and the *ballet* music, however, we come nearer to an original manner:—and we particularly like the opening to the trio No. 4, which is *naïf*, large and dramatic. The ballads are somewhat hybrid: no colour of character having been attempted in them. The *Caliph*, *Zuleika* and *Hassan* are all sentimental according to receipt. Since none of the melodies savour of the East, we may be justified in asking why all are so steadily *un-English*. It is almost needless further to note how a chance of permanent acceptance has been thrown away by writing the principal part for an exceptional voice. But the work is pretty sure to be called for, should the English ever again possess a musical theatre; and if nicely sung and acted it is as certain to command a place of esteem, though not a lasting success.

DRURY LANE.—‘The Love Chase’ was performed on Saturday: on which occasion we have to record Mr. Walter Lacy’s return to the boards. This is an event to be mentioned with satisfaction,—that performer being one of the few representatives of the Gentleman that we now have on the stage. His artistic instincts were always clear,—and during his retirement he seems to have studied with advantage. The character of *Wildrake* was a new one to him:—and in it he contrived to hit with much felicity the blended points of the rustic and the gentleman. Mrs. Nisbett has also returned to this theatre; and appeared, as usual, in *Constance*, which she acted with great brilliancy and effect. Mrs. Parker undertook *Widow Green*; and, though we cannot forget old associations in a character like this, justified the promise which our former acquaintance with her acting had given.

On Monday the tragedy of ‘Hamlet’ was performed:—on which occasion Mrs. Lacy, also re-appearing, undertook *Ophelia*. She acted the mad scenes with great power. Mr. Anderson’s *Hamlet* is a careful reading of the part,—but wants impulse. On Tuesday the First Part of ‘Henry IV.’ was very well placed on the stage. The character of the *Prince of Wales* was enacted by Mr. Anderson with much genial aptitude. *Hotspur* in the hands of Mr. Vandenhoff was a fine classic study. A Mr. Barratt appeared in *Falstaff* with considerable success. There is much promise in his acting; and, judging from a first acquaintance, we are disposed to pronounce him a good comic performer.

SURREY.—Mr. Shepherd has resorted to the French for a three-act melodrama suitable to a Christmas audience. It is entitled ‘The Countess of Tersen,’ and has been translated by Mr. C. O’Byrne. The heroine is a lady with two husbands:—the first supposed to be dead, but who re-appears on the scene a returned convict,—and, hypocritically assuming the name of an injured man, asserts what he calls his rights to her hand and property. *Count Tersen* (Mr. Montague), however, vindicates the lady’s honour; and his uncle, *Major de Goltz*, (Mr. Bruce Norton) recognizes *Isidore Fritz* (that is the convict’s name) as a deserter sentenced to death. The Count generously provides the means of escape for the wretched man;—who, instead of being grateful, repays the boon by contriving with an accomplice the assassination of his benefactor. The plot is overheard by a wooden-legged, but sharp-witted old soldier, (Mr. Widdicombe), who, by a *ruse*, causes the fatal blow to be received by Fritz himself, instead of by the Count. The *Countess* was very gracefully and intelligently played by Miss Cooper,—and Mr. Shepherd seemed to have in *Isidore* a part with which he was pleased. Mr. Mend was exactly fitted with a character in the part of the Countess’s father,—a blind old man supported, without his knowledge, by a daughter whom he had discarded and cursed. A scene between them in which the Countess pleads for herself in the third person,—hoping to melt her inexorable parent into pronouncing her forgiveness, and so to prepare

the way for revealing herself to him,—forms a powerful situation, to which both performers did much justice.—The piece was acted to a crowded house,—and received with favour.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Those who are interested in first appearances are reminded that four compositions by M. Gounod will be performed at Mr. Hullah’s *Monthly Concert* on Wednesday the 15th of this month.

Handel’s ‘Samson’ may, possibly, be the next Oratorio produced by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*. Herr Ernst is in England,—being engaged for a concert-giving tour in the provinces, in which he will be accompanied by Mlle. Angri, Signor Salvatore Tamburini, and M. Stockhausen.—We are glad to perceive that Herr Ernst has undertaken again to lead the Beethoven Quartetts.

The close of the *National Concerts* is merely adverted to as having richly justified our past comments. Mr. Loder’s *Serenata*, Mendelssohn’s ‘Walpurgis Night,’ Rossini’s ‘Stabat,’ and Mr. Balfe’s benefit have been announced and re-announced with a solemnity and circumstance which become almost farcical when it is added that not one event advertised came to pass.

Our daily contemporaries have announced as among the last losses of last year the death of that painstaking singer, Mr. W. Seguin.

We are requested to state that Miss Catherine Hayes does not intend to go to America till next autumn, and that she will sing during the coming season in London. Since the terms in which our announcement was made seem to have been displeasing to the writer who has forwarded this additional information,—we will enable him to set matters to rights by quoting literally his own words.—

What attraction “an Arcadia full of serenades and lord mayors” may have for other people as you state, her friends are very sensible such things have none for Miss Hayes, and would expect of the *Athenæum* a little more circumspection when writing.

A word or two may be added concerning another matter:—the increasing dearth of English *soprani* competent to take first-class occupation at our festivals, London Oratorios, &c. &c. This departure of Miss Hayes (which is the inevitable consequence of her constancy to the limited repertory of modern Italian opera) and the absence of Miss L. Pyne limit choice to Miss Birch and to Mrs. Sims Reeves.—Perhaps Madame Clara Novello, who is now singing at Lisbon, would do well to return to her native country; since on the stage she is but moderately successful, whereas in an orchestra she would be most welcome.—We are told that a Lady from the north of England, with a very fine *soprano* voice, is at present studying with Sir George Smart.

It is said that Messrs. Bunn and Balfe have completed a new opera, with an eye to Drury Lane becoming a musical theatre, and falling under the former gentleman’s management.

After many years of ultra-montane practice, Signor Ivanoff has re-appeared at the Italian Opera of Paris. In the *Journal des Débats*, M. Delécluze commends him as singing with increased power of voice, and with increase, too, of art. It is difficult to make out by the collation and balancing of criticisms whether Signor Colini, the new baritone, has succeeded or not.—The *Dramatic and Musical Review* reports that a new Opera, by M. Thalberg, will be brought out at *Her Majesty’s Theatre* by Mr. Lumley early in the season.

The *Gazette Musicale* announces that MM. Halévy and Scribe’s newest opera, ‘La Dame de Pique,’ is a success for author, singers, and composer. The latter is said to have entirely modified his style to suit the locality where the scene of his drama is laid,—which is Russia.

At a concert at Düsseldorf, a ‘Requiem for Mignon,’ by Herr Schumann, has recently been performed. Like the same composer’s ‘Kreisleriana,’ this is a work which cannot be intended to travel beyond the borders of modern fantastic Germany; whereas real music, such as the Mozarts, Beethovens, Rossinis, Mendelssohns have produced, is the property of every country,—not of one alone.—Mr. Hamilton Braham who, it was

understood, was studying composition at Leipzig, has come out there as a baritone singer, and is about to appear as *Leporello* in ‘Don Juan.’

A letter from Herr Dessauer is in Paris, mentioning that an opera by him, ‘Paquita,’ is about to be produced—we apprehend at Vienna. It can be only Herr Dessauer’s own whimsical will not to work as other men do, which has postponed his appearance till now. Much is it to be wished that this may be the commencement of a period of energy as long-drawn as his period of dreaming has been, since there are few writers who could do the world of singers better service than Herr Dessauer. His ‘Ouvrez’ is as incomparable among *boleros* as his ‘Earl’s Daughter’ is among English ballads.

A recent number of the *Gazette Musicale* mentions a Mlle. Drusilla Mugnani as an Italian *soprano* from whom much is to be expected.—At Dresden, a Mlle. Emmi de Grua has been making her *début*, the same journals assure us, with brilliant success.—There is no lack of these good beginnings; the want of sequel being vexatiously emphasized by such facts as the triumphs of Pasta and of Persiani after inauspicious commencements.—What, by the way, has become of Mlle. Cruvelli, with her great natural powers and stage adaptability?

The *Morning Post* states that a new Opera, composed by M. Strakosah, in which Mlle. Parodi will take the principal part,—is about to be produced at New York.

Another of the French actors who taught the present generation to appreciate the finish and nature of French acting is gone in M. Perlet. Owing to his wretched health—and also, unless we are deceived, to some official quarrel with the theatrical managements of Paris—it is many years since this exquisite artist has been seen in his own capital. Only five or six seasons, however, have elapsed since his performances at Mr. Mitchell’s theatre last presented him to the Londoners. His versatility was admirable. While he had sufficient classical elegance and intellectual vigour worthily to fill the leading parts in Molière’s plays, he had whim, &c. &c. and mirth enough to give its utmost point to the slightest *vaudeville* couplet,—to represent with all her airs and graces the opera-*Cynthia* of the hour or to mimic the melancholy and prudish grimaces of the *Anglaise pour rire*. A solemn funeral service was performed for M. Perlet in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette; at which the eulogy customary in France on such occasions was spoken by M. Samson, of the *Théâtre Français*.

A one-act trifle by M. Emile Augier, ‘Le Joueur de Flûte,’ has just been successfully produced at the *Théâtre Français*; the part of the heroine having been well played, it is said, by Mlle. Nathalie.—Before many days are over we should have news of Madame Dudevant’s new drama, ‘Claudie.’

The daily papers report the death of Mr. David Webster Osbaldiston, who has held the reins of management at various London theatres,—and at the time of his decease was lessee of the Victoria. The *Manchester Examiner* and *Times* says, M. Osbaldiston was a native of that city, and brought up in a Manchester warehouse,—his friends being manufacturers of calicoes, fustians, &c. His taste for theatricals led him to join an amateur performance at the old Theatre Royal there, for the benefit of the city’s charitable institutions;—and the success of that night prompted him to a player’s life for the future.

The taste for private theatricals appears to be spreading among all classes of the community. The example of Windsor Castle has excited dramatic emulation not only in the old baronial hall of Knebworth and Woburn Abbey, but in quarters which are generally supposed to lie too remote to be acted on by any such influence. The curious may find matter of speculation in the circumstance of a private theatrical exhibition—including play, players, chorus and supernumeraries—having been got up this Christmas time in the active but obscure little manufacturing town of Hyde! Where is Hyde?—we imagine the reader asking. The stranger will look for it in vain on Bradshaw’s map of England. In itself, it is a low built, irregular and dirty little town, full of factories and a

pole and hectic population. It is just the kind of place where a passing traveller might heave a sigh at the dull heavy reign of King Cotton, and pass on his way, thanking his stars that his lot is not cast there. Yet, even in Hyde, it seems, there is not much taste, intellect and leisure as may go to the composition and representation of a new tragedy,—with music and other needful accompaniments. We chronicle the fact as we find it reported in the local journals,—that is, in neighbouring journals, for Hyde is far removed from the honour of having a press of its own,—but, of course, without expressing our opinion as to the literary work produced, except so far as to say that it appears to be patriotic in thought and to expound a popular and proper moral.

MISCELLANEA

The New House of Commons.—During the recess the workmen have been actively engaged in constructing a permanent roof to the new House of Commons. Our readers will remember that when the new house was first occupied by members, neither the members nor the reporters could hear distinctly what was said; and in consequence Mr. Barry constructed several temporary roofs to overcome the difficulty,—the last of which was found to answer very well. Before the prorogation of Parliament Mr. Barry had determined, as we were informed, on making a permanent roof after the temporary model which had been found to answer:—and that permanent roof is now almost finished. It rises from the middle of the windows with a high pitch to nearly the height which the first permanent roof was; and presents a light and elegant appearance, in perfect keeping with the other portions of the building.—On each side of the house new galleries and division lobbies are being prepared; and a handsome and elegant waiting-room is in course of being fitted up in the cloisters.—The new house is permanently to be taken possession of when the House meets after the Easter recess:—and will, we believe, be found to answer satisfactorily.—Several important alterations are being made in the approaches to the house; which, when finished, will contribute to the comfort and convenience of members, and give a pleasing and finished appearance to the Commons portion of the New Palace.—*Globe.*

Old Drury.—The King's Theatre (the stage on which Nell Gwyn performed), or "The Theatre" as it was commonly called, stood in Drury Lane, on the site of the present building, and was the first theatre, as the present is the fourth, erected on the site. It was small, with few pretensions to architectural beauty, and was first opened on the 8th of April, 1663, when Nell was a girl of thirteen. The chief entrance was in Little Russell Street, not as now in Byrdges Street. The stage was lighted with wax candles, on brass censers or cressets. The pit lay open to the weather for the sake of light; but was subsequently covered in with a glazed cupola, which however only imperfectly protected the audience, so that in stormy weather the house was blown into disorder, and the people in the pit were fain to rise.—*Mr. Cunningham's 'Story of Nell Gwyn' in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

Book Post.—Plymouth, December 31.—In your journal of Saturday last you refer to the spirited exertions of M. Vattemare to promote international exchanges of works of art, science and literature. Gentlemen such as M. Vattemare are very uncommon; few of those who possess the means of doing sufficient enthusiasm for learning to devote themselves to purposes like that of his journey. We must, therefore, look for other ways of effecting the object in view. One method which I proposed some months since, is at present under consideration by the Postmaster-General:—namely, the establishment of an international book post. It is already in operation as a domestic arrangement in this country, in Prussia, and in the United States; but nothing more is required than for these three countries to join in establishing the example. With an arrangement like this, one great difficulty in the way of a literary alliance of all nations would be removed; learned Societies would exchange their Memoirs and publications at a trifling cost; foreign authors could send their works for presentation or review with facility; and one of the great barriers to peace would be broken down in the more intimate acquaintance that we should be able to cultivate with our neighbours.

I am, &c. J. J. L. L.

Musical Instruments for the Great Exhibition.—We understand that metropolitan musical instruments will occupy about 3,400 feet at the Exhibition. There will be various specimens of organs from the

various London builders:—among the rest there will be one gigantic church organ, containing upwards of eighty stops, with an independent pedal organ upon the largest scale. The cost of this instrument will be several thousand pounds. There will be an interesting instrument, designed by Col. P. Thompson, M.P.—an enharmonic organ—the object of which is, by minute subdivision of the scale, to attain a perfect intonation. The Colonel will also exhibit an enharmonic guitar, the design of which is somewhat similar. No class of musical instruments will, we believe, be unrepresented.—*Exhibition Express.*

Curious Custom.—The *Notes and Queries* gives an account of a "curious custom" said to exist in a remote English county.—"In 1833 the late Record Commissioners issued circular questions to the municipal corporations of England and Wales, requesting various information; among such questions was the following:—'Do any remarkable customs prevail, or have any remarkable customs prevailed within memory, in relation to the ceremonies accompanying the choice of corporate officers, annual processions, feasts, &c., not noticed in the printed histories or accounts of your borough? Describe them, if there be such.'—To this question the borough of Chippenham, Wilts, replied as follows:—'The Corporation dine together twice a year, and pay for it themselves.'"

The Gold Regions of America.—The *Placer Times* publishes the following statistics of the yield of the mining regions:—"The estimates which we give include the mining regions from Feather River, upon the north, to the Cosumnees, upon the south, which contains, at the least, two-thirds of all the miners employed in the country. The mining region upon Feather River commences below the foot-hills of the mountains, some 30 miles from Marysville, and extends back upon the mountains for something like 80 miles. There are probably not less than 9,000 persons at work upon this river. The most productive portions the past season have been in the foot-hills and upon the south fork of the river. It is the general impression that the sum averaged by miners upon this river has been about 6 dols. per day to the man. This, allowing twenty-four working days to the month, would give, for five months, as much, probably, as most of the miners will labour during the mining season, for each miner 120 dols. per month, and 600 dols. for the five months, producing an aggregate of 5,400,000 dols. The Yuba, with its tributaries, Deer-creek, Gold-run, &c., has a population of about 30,000. The mines in this region have, in many instances, paid more than those of any other portion of California; but there has been a large number who have succeeded but poorly, which has reduced the average to each man to something less than that upon Feather River. Upon this stream we believe the average has not been over 4 dols. to each person employed. This would give for the total amount of gold dust taken out in five months 14,400,000 dols. Bear River, the next stream upon the south, contains probably a population of 3,000. This stream, although no very large amounts have been realized by persons, has produced a fair average, say 4 dols. to each miner, which will give in the aggregate 1,440,000 dols. The American River, we presume, contains a population of 16,000, distributed on its tributaries as follows:—5,000 upon the North Fork; 5,000 upon the Middle Fork; and 6,000 upon the South Fork, which at 5 dols. as the average, would produce as above, in five months, 9,000,000 dols. This would give, in the aggregate, for Feather, Yuba, Bear, and American Rivers, together with their tributaries, the sum of 30,240,000 dols. as the product of the labour of 57,000 persons. This sum, we believe, is as near an average of the produce of the mines upon the rivers named for the past five months as can well be ascertained at the present time. We have in our estimate taken but a portion of the mining region of California, as our readers will see, but we presume the quantity of gold dust taken from these streams, or from their immediate neighbourhoods, constitutes at least two-thirds of all the gold taken from the mines of California."

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